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Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Bassano*

A "SKITTISH" DIPLOMATIST: MISS JULIA JAMES

Whose name, we take it, is not unknown to readers of "The Bystander." She is appearing in "Hullo! Tango" at the Hippodrome in a clever skit on the play "Diplomacy," which is having such a long run in its revival at Wyndham's Theatre. Miss James takes the part of "Dora," which she doubtless plays with all the more skill from her experience of serious drama, although it is a "rag" rôle

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

On Various Topics of the Day

SHALL WE SUPPORT MR. CHURCHILL?

MR. CHURCHILL'S resignation is not yet—not yet in the hands of the Prime Minister, though it is still, we venture to believe, at the back of his mind.

Ministers may settle, for the moment, their differences about the amount to be spent on the Navy. But the differences between the patriot and the little-Englander are perennial, and likely to break out again at any moment.

* * *

The Liberal Party at heart is not Imperialist, and though Mr. Churchill may carry his point on one question, his adversary may be relied on to be avenged on another. The country, therefore, will, sooner or later, see a parting of the ways.

That "Winston" will cross the floor direct is not to be expected. To "vert" and re-"vert" would be a record from which the most daring of politicians may recoil. One thing, however, Winston may do—he may follow the Roosevelt precedent—*i.e.*, "bolt" Liberalism and form a "bull moose" party of his own.

* * *

As to what support he would get depends entirely on the "platform" he takes. Patriotic and progressive Englishmen are a little *blasé* about party labels in these days. They are more concerned as to the things themselves than as to their marks of origin. If Mr. Churchill intends to place himself at the

head of a National Party, which *will* maintain the security of the nation and the Empire by land and sea: if he will stand firm to his own ideas as to the peaceful settlement of the Ulster problem: if he will offer measures of real reform of the Parliamentary machine and of the social and industrial conditions of the masses of the people, so that squalor and slumdom are reduced—well, English men and women of average common-sense are not likely to quarrel because he styles himself "National" rather than "Unionist" or "Liberal Imperialist." They will, probably, give him their encouragement to "go on and prosper," and, when the time comes, if his party looks like doing the best things in a better way than either of the others—they'll co-operate with it.

***

Meanwhile, we are venturing to invite BYSTANDER readers to attach their signatures to a "pledge" (see below). It will mean simply this and nothing more—that IF Mr. Winston Churchill decides to place himself in a position that will better enable him to champion patriotic and progressive ideas, well, they will wish him luck. He will, at all events, not be an enemy but an ally, of patriots among Liberals and progressives among Unionists. THE BYSTANDER

Pledge of Support to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and a National Party

ARE you in favour of the formation of a NATIONAL PARTY having as its policy the preservation of the security of the nation by land and sea, the peaceful settlement of the Irish problem, and the reform of the social and industrial conditions of the people at home?

If so, you are invited to attach your own signature, and induce your friends to attach theirs, to the declaration given below, and to forward the same (marked NATIONAL PARTY) to The Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

— — — — — — — — — — — *CUT THIS OUT* — — — — — — — — — — —

We, THE UNDERSIGNED, beg to assure the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, P.C., M.P., that, should he decide so to modify his existing position in political life as to associate himself with

A BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY

having as its policy the preservation of the security of the nation by land and sea, a peaceful settlement in Ireland, and the drastic reform of the social and industrial conditions of the people at home, we will give him

OUR ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORT.

On receipt of a full and representative number of signatures, the names will be transferred to a single document and placed at the disposal of the organisation of the National Party.

	NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
1		
2		
3		
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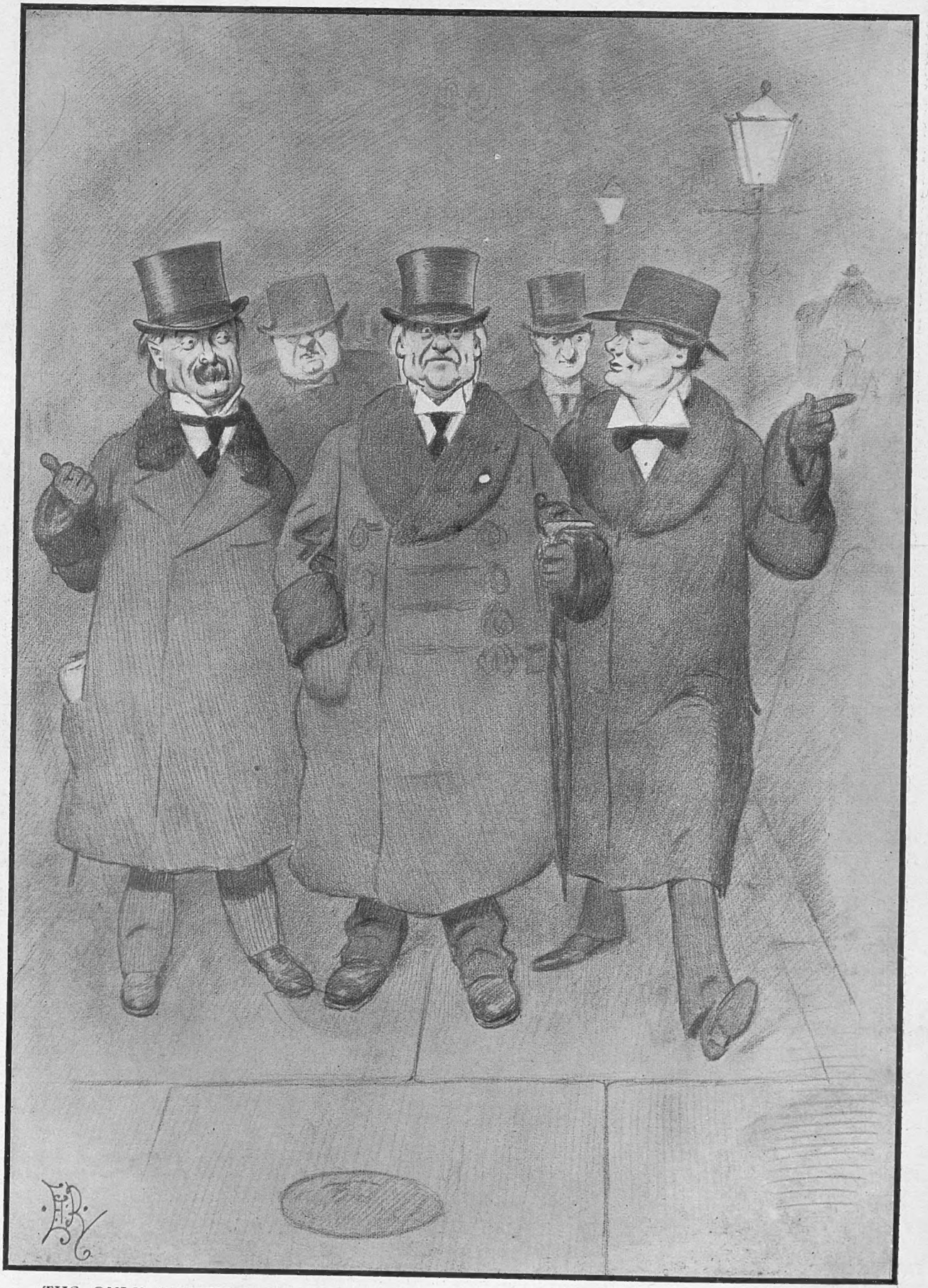
5		
6		

Copies of the above Form can be obtained free (halfpenny stamp enclosed) by application to The Editor of "The Bystander."

"We All Go the Same Way Home!"



THE ONLY QUESTION STANDING OVER FOR DECISION BEING——WHICH WAY IS IT?

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

The Real Reason

A decision to have the Covent Garden Balls on Thursdays instead of Fridays is said to be due to a surely rather belated discovery that numbers of people now go away for their week-ends (supposing they go at all) on Friday, coming back on Sunday night. This "new" tendency, which is certainly more than half-a-dozen years old, has been set down to golf—I don't quite know why except that most things are ascribed nowadays either to that or Lloyd George or (by some country parsons and journalists) the Tango.

But I think it is really due to the fact that we are more sober and industrious than we used to be, and prefer to start the week's work properly. Which may also, of course, be the real reason for the (presumable) decline in the rather *vieux jeu* revelry of Covent Garden Balls.

* *
*

Opera Reforms

Talking of Covent Garden, no very cordial reception seems to have been given to the suggestion that, as an "act of reverence," ladies should wear mantillas at the performances of *Parsifal*, with which the German opera season opens there next Monday. The management is polite rather than enthusiastic, which is hardly to be wondered at—it would be death to "tiara nights" and smartness generally.

If we *are* to have some special and notable observance of the occasion, why not take firm measures instead to restrain (1) general conversation throughout the performance, (2) arrivals and departures in the middle of the acts?

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE

(Née Miss Sybil Sassoon, sister of Sir Philip Sassoon), who married Lord Rocksavage, the well-known polo-player, in August last year and is to be presented at Court in the near future in accordance with the rules of Court etiquette, which demand presentation at the earliest convenient date after marriage

The Social Side

In spite of the fact that the opera starts about tea-time, everything points to quite a brilliant first night—or, rather, afternoon. The subscribers include ex-Queen Amélie, Lady Ripon, Lord Portsmouth, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, the French Ambassador, and others of those who have done so much for music in this country by introducing it to the notice of Society, and the list of those present which in the daily papers precedes the critique of the music (should there be space for the latter) will, doubtless, be a long and brilliant one.

* *
*

Well Meaning

It is not for me to analyse or criticise the precise musical value of the Schönberg sensations which "knocked 'em in the old Langham Place" the other day. But it is worth remarking the complete change in the attitude of the audience from what it would have been even ten years ago. If anything, it was a shade too anxious to indicate that it understood and appreciated what it more or less certainly didn't. And of the alleged critics only one or two of the most inveterate Apostles of the Obvious openly scoffed. Healthier or no, what a change from the first greeting of Futurism in art!

* *
*

Tan-going (?)

A few small dances are expected to be arranged next week among those whom the opera has brought to Town, but such London entertaining as there is at this time of year will not start in earnest till later. After a good many false alarms, by the way, the Tango—if

The One-Art Ball

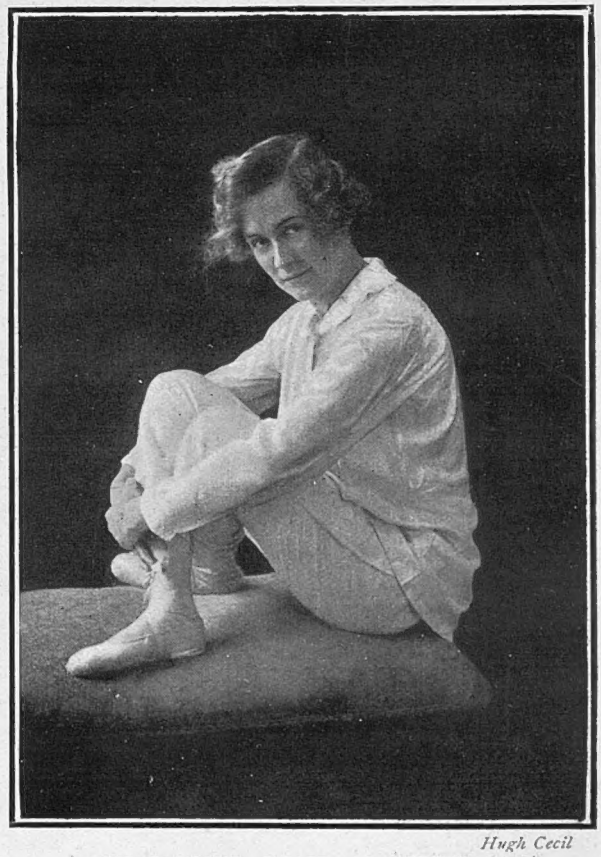
STAGELAND'S MONOPOLY OF THE LATEST FANCY DRESS FUNCTION

MISS LENA ASHWELL AS "FUTURIST DRAMA"

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS "WENDY"

Photographs

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS "LADY MARY LAZENBY" AND MR. H. B. IRVING AS THE "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"



Hugh Cecil

MISS PAULINE CHASE AS "PETER PAN"

The "Three Arts" Ball, held at Covent Garden last week, was a great success. We notice, however, that the Muse of the theatre receives considerably greater prominence than her two sisters. We heard little about painting and nothing at all about music—at any rate in the reports. However, actors and actresses are so much more entertaining than musicians or painters that one could hardly expect anything else

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

it was ever really alive—is dying out again, so far as England is concerned, having been tried and found wanting, much to the annoyance of the people who have been diligently learning and practising the steps all the winter, and are now just ready to parade the results in a ballroom without fear of breaking down.

* * *

Exploded Beliefs

The King and Queen are expected back in Town from Windsor by the end of next week and the opening of Parliament and the first Court will start what used to be a "small season," but has now become a comparatively limited outburst of entertaining, depending on circumstances and no longer upon conventions. The county people who live and think in the provincial world of their grandfathers, and the climbers who still believe what their "society columns" tell them, are almost alone to-day in their touching faith in the "gaiety by order" which the modern cosmopolitanism has exploded.

* * *

The Débutante Legend

Somewhere in these quarters, also, I understand, an equally pathetic belief is still cherished concerning débutantes who "create a furore in a London ballroom," and become the success of the season and all that sort of thing. I fear no one creates furores in ballrooms nowadays, least of all the sweet, but frequently unformed and even ungainly débutante, who is simply not in it with the married woman or girl of several seasons. Of course, I am not referring to the ultra-modern kind of débutante who has really made her début informally, like Miss Betty Asquith, years before she is presented to Their Majesties, as the Prime Minister's daughter is expected to be this year.

Photograph *Sport and General*

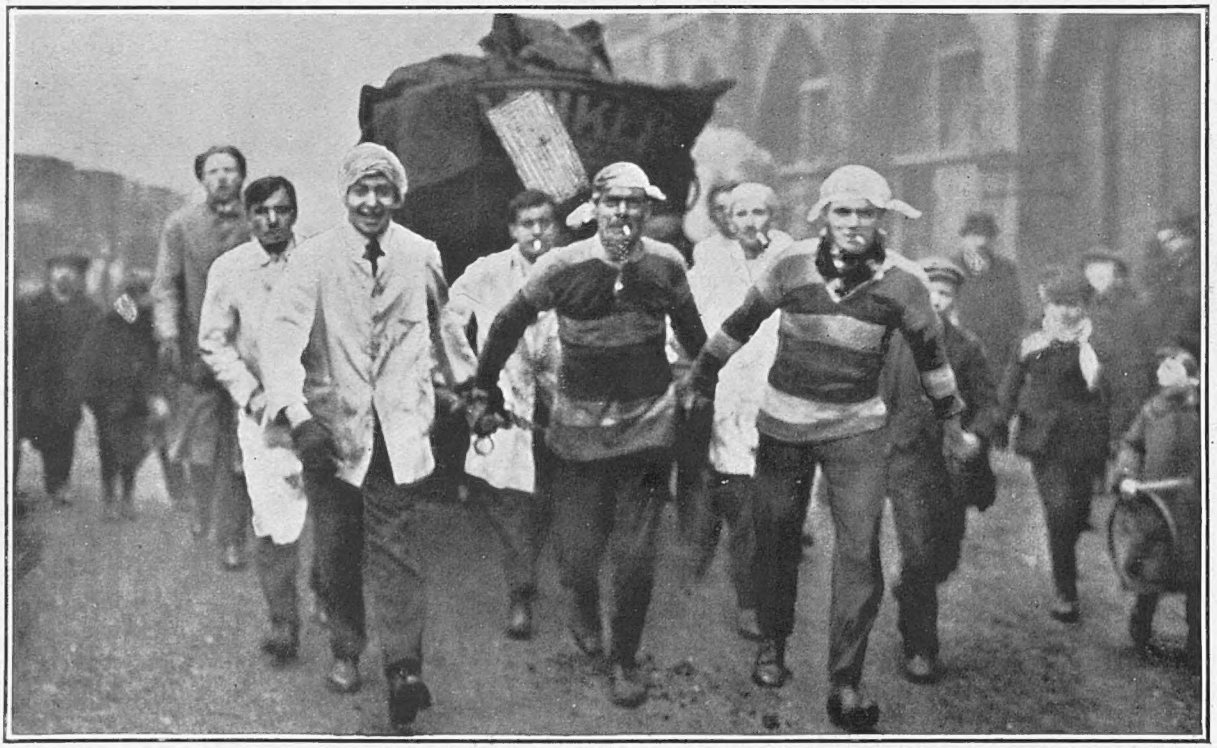
BARONESS VAUGHAN AND HER SON

Landing at Beaulieu-sur-Mer after an exciting adventure in a hydro-aeroplane. An accident occurred as the machine, piloted by M. Maicon, left the water, and the propeller was broken. The Baroness, who was, of course, the morganatic wife of the late King Leopold of Belgium, looks much less perturbed than the friend who is welcoming her back to terra firma

* * *

"Beau Little"

The late "Beau Little" will be a loss—probably an irretrievable one—to serious, not to say sycophantic, Society journalism. He was a walking "Who's Who," and not to be identified by him was to be outside the pale of smartness, so to speak. For some years his faultlessly attired figure was a familiar one at The Bystander Office, for to him we looked for much of the detailed information as to who was where, and what wearing, that was formerly thought indispensable in journals of the class to which we belong. Our



"U.C.H." RAGS TO SOME ACCOUNT

The strike leaders having refused permits for the supply of coal to hospitals, the medical students took matters into their own hands on Saturday and spent the afternoon in the strenuous and profitable employment of loading and carting coal to the hospitals. Above is seen a party of men from University College Hospital attired in various costumes, from "footer togs" to the clothes of the operating theatre, at work in St. Pancras, a picture which proves that medical students have at last found a way to "rag" to some purpose

"Unthinking, Idle, Wild, and Young
I Laugh'd, and Danc'd, and Talk'd, and Sung"

SOME NOTIONS OF THE THREE ARTS BALL

The Three Arts Ball was, of course, a huge success, the dresses were charming, the lighting effects were most brilliant, the scene was as gay as has ever been known at that home of gaieties, Covent Garden, the make-ups were wonderful, the *tableaux* marvellous, and so on and so forth. (Having now got the start, readers can amplify this description for themselves *ad lib.* from any of last week's daily papers—if they want to!)

BY HELEN McKIE

decision that the world of fashion, like every other one, was fair game for independent criticism, irrespective of persons, did not commend itself to Mr. Little, so we parted. Regretfully—for us. For it had been amusing to be put right on such small matters as the exact pronunciation of names.

* * *

Pronunciation

I can see, as I write, the look of horror in Little's face when a sub-editor inadvertently pronounced the "ch" in the forename of Lady Leucha Warner soft. "Loo-kah," he thundered, "Loo-kah, Lady Loo-kah Warnah!" after which he took his departure, saying he was going to Mar*ien*bad, accentuating the second syllable with a challenging glance round lest anybody doubted the accuracy of his pronunciation!

* * *

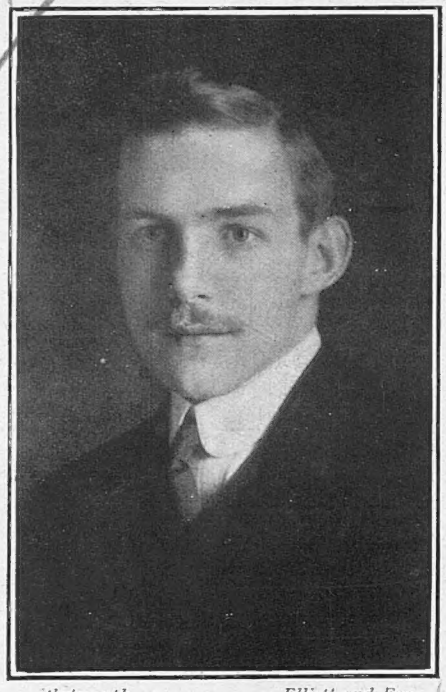
In His Element

Fleet Street will have a hard job to obtain Little's "stuff" without Little. As to fancy dress balls—well, what they will do without him, both in person and in the Press, goodness only knows. He missed none of them. His make-ups were perfect, and his knowledge of identities penetrated all disguises.

* * *

The "Three Arts"

At the "Three Arts" Ball the other day his absence was commented on on every side. Not that this particular ball is ever especially "social." On the contrary, it is the most Bohemian of all the Fancy Dress Balls. The theatrical profession is always well to the fore, on last Thursday night as much as ever. All the tableaux—mercifully short—were theatrical, and would have been even more successful than they were if the organisers had been able to raise the little stage on which they were presented a little higher off the ground. As it was, those of us who were on the dancing-floor saw practically nothing. However, it was all great fun, and the dresses were as good as ever. When one thinks how low was the standard of fancy dress in London four years ago the change is quite amazing. By the way, I noticed a regular gathering of the lesser lights of the Liberal Party. Does this portend some fresh sinister plot—or an improvement?



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

VISCOUNT WOLMER, M.P.

Eldest son of Lord Selborne, who last week underwent an operation for appendicitis, and is now happily making an excellent recovery. One of the brighter and younger spirits of the Unionist Party, it is to be hoped he will be fit enough to take his part in, at any rate, the latter half of the coming session

* * *

Lord Wolmer's Illness

Everybody will be sorry to hear about Lord Wolmer's illness, for Lord Selborne's eldest son is as popular as his father. A simple, unpretentious person, Lord Wolmer is typical in many ways of our governing class. His career, both at Winchester and Oxford, was certainly not brilliant from the scholastic point of view, but he has that bump of shrewd practicality that is often called the governing instinct. Indeed, this and a natural *flair* for recognising and learning from the really able man when he presents himself, is, perhaps, the most characteristic trait of our English aristocracy.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE OXFORD CREW MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE

In a practice outing on the Thames at Oxford recently. As usual, at the beginning of term the crew is entirely an experimental one, and is changed almost every day in some respect. The names of those seen above are as follows: S. H. M. MacCulloch (bow), G. B. Kindersley (2), H. L. Guilleband (3), B. Burdekin (4), G. B. Taylor (5), A. H. M. Wedderburn (6), G. W. Titherington (7), R. W. Fletcher (stroke), and J. D. Walker (cox)

A Page of Personalities

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

THE HON. RICHARD W. D. LEGH

Eldest son and heir of Lord and Lady Newton, whose marriage to the Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson, second daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, takes place to-day (January 28) at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL

Who is among the many distinguished people at present on the sick-list, and may, on medical advice, decide not to resume his official duties

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS EDITH JUDD

Youngest daughter of the late Mr. B. J. S. Judd, of Rickling, Essex, who is shortly to marry Lord Holden of Alston, Lord Holden is the second Baron, a J.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and a widower. His country seat is Nun-Appleton, Bolton-Percy, Yorkshire

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON ON HIS WAY TO CHURCH

A photograph showing the aged duke being driven through the fields one Sunday recently from his residence, Wakefield Lodge, Northamptonshire, where, at the moment of going to press, he is lying very seriously ill. The Duke is in his ninety-third year. By a regrettable coincidence, his eldest son, Lord Euston, is also hors de combat at Wakefield Lodge, having sustained severe injuries in the hunting field not long ago

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS

No. V.—Mr. J. L. Garvin and Dynamic Journalism

By HOLBROOK JACKSON

Vehemence that Invigorates

TO interest without convincing; to achieve without winning; to be mutable but honest, and to hold your end up—is genius. It is not the only kind of genius, it is one kind, and James Louis Garvin has it supremely in our own day. Indeed, he has cornered the market: he has rushed from specialisation to monopoly without destroying himself, and, after innumerable false prophecies of his doom, his contemporaries have come to look upon him as indistructible. Perhaps he is, but that is not the point. The point is that once you begin an article by Mr. J. L. Garvin you have to finish it whether you agree with it or not, and further, whether you like it or not. And the chances are that if you agree you may not like it and if you like it you may not agree, for Garvinism is often the triumph of rhetoric over reason, of eloquence over prejudice. When he is at the top of his form the intake of his vehemence invigorates the reader to bursting point. I can imagine the Liberal who reads him feeling as though he were running very swiftly down a steep hillside, and whilst being fully conscious that he has lost control of his locomotion, enjoying the rush and hoping for the best at the bottom. But a Conservative so placed must feel like nothing so much as a gentleman chasing his hat in Regent Street.

* * *

Pyrotechnics and Sincerity

There are many who have charged with insincerity this man who uses the pen as an orator uses the voice. They are generally political opponents, so we may smile and pass on. Conservatives were probably saying similar things when Mr. Garvin was Liberal. It is not, however, his quick political changes that have created this feeling, for alacrity in turning your coat is one of the many interesting and recognised by-products of party politics—look at the First Lord—as the Duke would say in *Magic*. What people really suspect is quick-change in politics combined with eloquence of tongue or pen. More than ever do they suspect a political writer whose habit it is to play the organ of journalism with all the stops out. And more especially if his music is so attractive that it compels attention even though you hold on to your objecting ego with both hands. That is the effect of the Garvin method. You feel that the thundering force behind the words could be just as eloquent and just as convincing on the other side, and that there is no real reason why it should not be. That, I say, is the effect of the Garvin method; and it is the tragedy of the superlative degree. Literary vehemence is unconvincing because it is pyrotechnic, for fireworks begin and end in darkness. But the after-dark is always the darker, in fact you can see nothing at all until your retina forgets the vivid lights and trusts itself once more to the even tenor of gas or controlled electricity or the cool glow of the moon.

Pen Portrait of Garvin

But once having seen this literary comet which swept into our ken some ten or a dozen years ago and has since miraculously assumed the periodical habits of a planet, all suspicion must end. I have seen him twice, and on each occasion through the flowers and sparkle of a public banquet, but I would stake my intelligence on his intellectual honesty. Mr. Garvin has the face of a man who could be a thousand times wrong, but never to himself. It is the face of a fanatic, of a mind whose sanity depends on obsession. A long, but not thin, pale face, with a fighter's chin, an actor's mouth, and the light far-away eyes of a visionary. His features recall those of his countryman, Jim Larkin, but a Larkin who has worked at the desk rather than the docks. There is humour as well in the face which lights up when he addresses the company. He stands loosely and sways as he speaks. It is a tall, ungainly figure, very earnest, heavily playful, and altogether more genial than one would expect. And he allows his oratory more range of utterance, husbanding, as it were, the top notes and the fortissimo for his pen.

* * *

Garvin's Dynamos

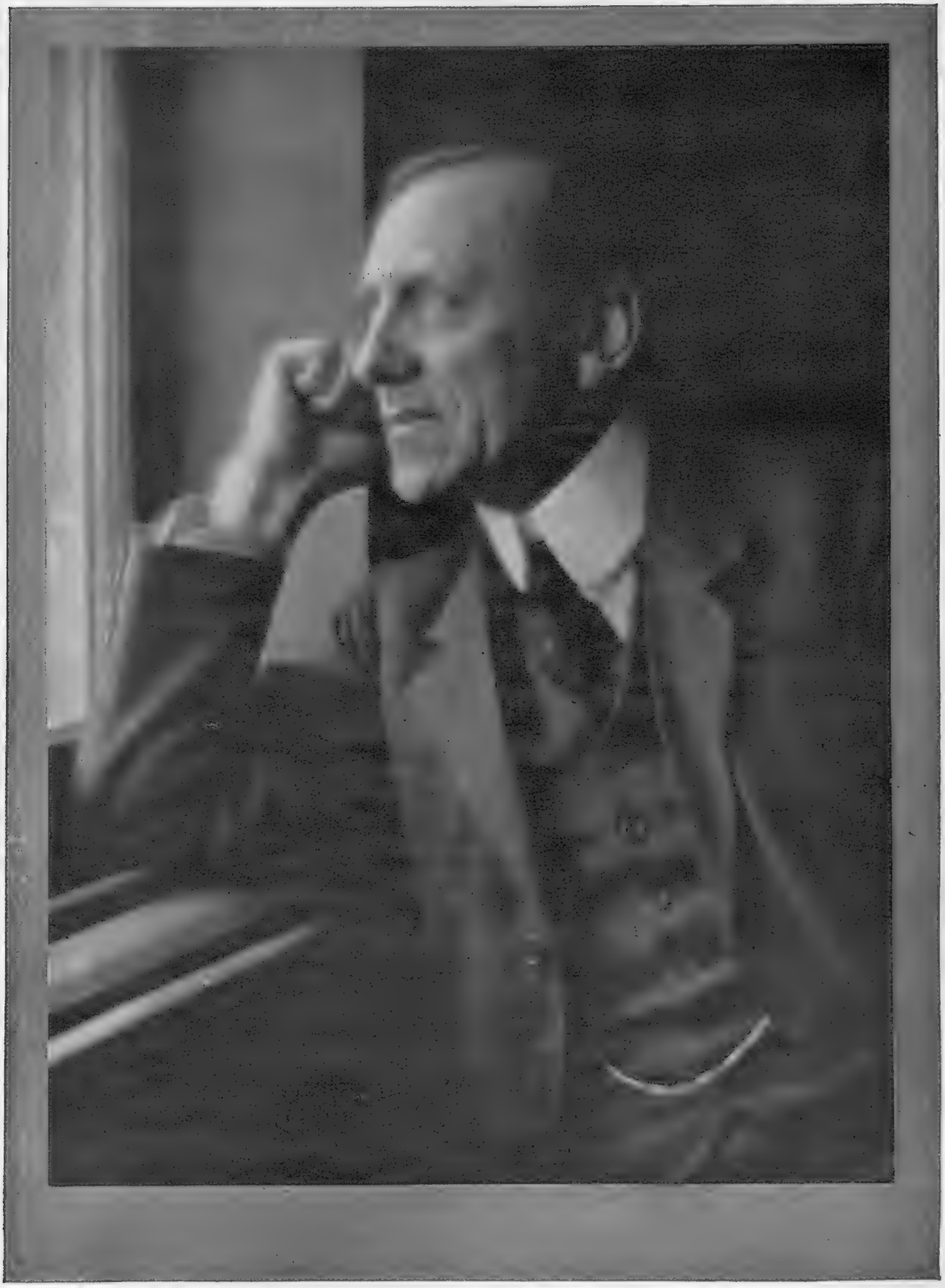
He is Irish, but he came to us *via* Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he was discovered by the late Joseph Cowen, who diverted his energies into the *Newcastle Chronicle*. At twenty-three he became a leader-writer, and so continued for eight years. The year before the new century dawned he descended upon London through the portals of the *Daily Telegraph*; later he became editor of the *Outlook*, which he left for the *Observer*, and in addition, and more recently, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As a record it looks important, but not exciting, yet it is both. Politically, the period represents the stormy years of Tariff Reform, the Lloyd George Budget, and the Ulster opposition to Home Rule; and the Garvin papers have been dynamos throwing off an infinite succession of shocks and sparks for our delight and vexation according to our Parliamentary seriousness. Being a non-party man myself, my gratitude goes out to Mr. Garvin every Sunday and on several evenings every week.

* * *

Raising the Derelict

Now all this political restlessness, this fussing and name-calling which seems to be inseparable from Parliamentarianism, is no concern of ours at the moment. We are considering a man and his work. What has he done? He is of the craft whose names of all names save the actors' are writ in water. He is a journalist. That and no more. His work can be measured in printers' sticks. There are hundreds of his kind: but none like him. Not another, now Stead is away, has anything approaching his energy,

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS—No. V.



MR. J. L. GARVIN

Camera Portrait by Alvin Langdon Coburn

and not even Stead at his best could equal him. There is something uncanny about Garvin. His energy is like electricity: you switch it on and it does things mysteriously. There may be journalists who turn out more work, but none who turn out so much work of high voltage. In an age when almost every editor is insane on the subject of short paragraphs, this man has re-introduced the long leader and made it longer than ever it was, columns and columns of it in the *Observer*, and we read and read and are not bored. By this method, contrary to all modern experiences and tendencies, he has galvanised into life no less than three papers, two of which were derelict, the other steamless and rudderless.

* * *

A Great Editor

Magic only could do such a thing—the magic of a personality aflame with ideas and courage. For, after all, James Louis Garvin is no mere political editor. He is a man of wide knowledge and immense intellectual interests, and if he has only himself to blame because a versatile literary genius is hidden behind post-impressionist leaders which do little more than record the noise of party warfare, there are those who, seeing beyond the moment and the hour, remember that he was one of the first to recognise the genius of Francis Thompson, and that apart from the tumult of party interests, which have only a party value, his papers have fewer unfertile patches than any newspapers published in these islands. The range of his mind is seen on every page of his *Observer* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, and there is driving energy in every word he writes. These two newspapers have the dynamic qualities which all other English newspapers lack, and, above all, they contrive to remain bright and light without insulting the intelligence of their readers. That is Mr. Garvin's greatest accomplishment.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

NEXT WEEK—

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC

BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE FUTURIST COMPOSER

"Squeals and Shrieks"

HERR SCHÖNBERG an extremely mild, even benevolent-looking, individual, has succeeded in rousing our more reactionary critics to something near madness. "Squeals and shrieks," writes one. "A farrago of nonsense," another. But quite a surprising number of musical journalists have kept their heads sufficiently to be able to hedge—and really that is the only thing a sensible man can do.

Fair Chances for All

People are tired of being told that precisely the same kind of criticisms were hurled at Liszt, Wagner, Beethoven, and Mozart. That is not quite the point. As it seems to me the only question of importance is that London has been enabled, almost before any other city, to hear an important work by a much-discussed composer. This is altogether excellent, and Sir Henry Wood and his directors are most heartily to be congratulated on their enterprise. People interested in music ought to have the opportunity of keeping abreast of the times. Eventually all these bizarre developments of modern music, these musical *sans-culottes*, Schönberg, Stravinski, Scriabin, will settle down into their right places. Either they have something genuine to say or they have not. In the one case they will survive, in the other they will die a natural death. All we need trouble about is that everybody and everything should have a fair chance.

HERR SCHÖNBERG

The so-called "Futurist" composer, whose music is composed on quite a novel æsthetic basis

The Polite Londoner

For to maintain that there was even one man in the Queen's Hall except the composer himself capable of judging Schönberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" would be merely foolhardy. The few who applauded consisted either of those strange beings who approve on principle of everything they do not understand or of those exasperating individuals who cheer everything and everybody out of sheer politeness. So that Herr Schönberg must not be too elated by his reception. The same people would have applauded Madame Clara Butt singing "Because" with equal enthusiasm. However, probably this essentially British, thoughtless eclecticism is preferable to the more learned pedantry of the average French or German audience.

Experiments

The truth of the matter is that these very modern composers are experimenting not only in new music, but in an entirely new theory of music. To attempt to judge them by the standards even of Strauss or Delius is ridiculous. The whole idea of European music since Bach is challenged. In many ways their method is more akin to the ideals of Eastern music, with its insistence on the expression of feeling rather than science. Nor must we take even our science for granted. The Persians evolved a scale acoustically far more perfect than ours. Indeed, it has been said that our music is less in tune than almost any other music. Perhaps, then, our ideals of music are going to change altogether. In any case it is all exceedingly interesting, and let us be thankful we live in an epoch when men dare to experiment and are not merely content with accepting what their fathers have told them.

FRANCIS TOYE

More Trouble for the Musical Critics

THE NEED FOR A COHERENT OPINION UPON "PARSIFAL"

Photograph *E. Bieber, Hamburg*

M. HEINRICH HENSEL (OF BAYREUTH), THE COVENT GARDEN PARSIFAL

As our readers may have gleaned from the Press, "Parsifal," Wagner's hitherto exclusive and forbidden music-drama, will be first seen in London (and England) next week. Twelve performances are announced, so there will be positively no excuse for not seeing this alleged masterpiece, and helping the poor critics out of their difficulty nowadays of forming a coherent judgment upon any art work, for fear of being wrong!

WHAT IS A SOCIAL LEADER?

An Inquiry into Her Characteristics (if any)

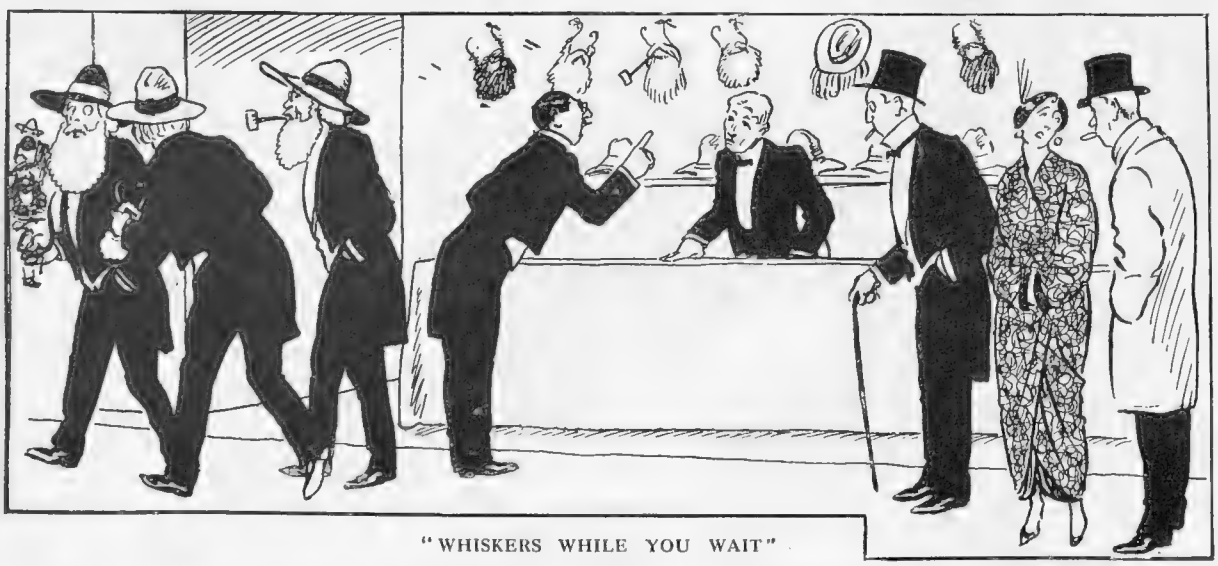
BY A BYSTANDER-ABOUT-TOWN

IF you read respectable newspapers—especially ladies' papers—other than THE BYSTANDER you will have heard a lot of late about "Social Leaders." The only two characteristics that seem invariable in the species are, firstly, the feminine gender, and, secondly, a disapproval of the Tango. Whether it is possible for a mere man to be a "Social Leader" I do not know; I can only say that he never seems to be. But I do know that it is impossible to be a "Social Leader", if you approve of the Tango. Indeed, I am not quite sure that you can legitimately aspire to the highest rank in the order if you have ever seen it danced. The suitable ideal for the truly ambitious is the Thank-God-I've-never-seen-it-and-wouldn't-have-the-thing-in-my-house-at-any-price attitude. Then you're safe.

Now I suppose (quite gratuitously) that everybody knows what a Tango is, but I very much doubt if any of us have any very definite idea as to what a Social Leader may be. We have a few vague and confused notions about ladies with calm eyes and aristocratic noses possessed of one large residence in Town and several others in England and Scotland, who admit no one to their houses except after the most careful scrutiny. We see, as in a Futurist picture, rows of impressive footmen, strings of pearls, Cabinet Ministers (Conservative only), Dukes, Duchesses, a deposed King or two, Casano's band, dresses by Poiret, Paquin, Worth, etc., palms, fountains, parquet-floors, a great staircase, and the Social Editor of the *Daily Mail*—we see all these wonders, and we suppose that a "Social Leader" is the woman around whom all these revolve. And so she was, when she actually existed. But, unfortunately, she is on the point of becoming extinct. Your real aristocrat of to-day is not, as a rule, very rich. Moreover, the really exclusive set in England have not, and do not desire to have, the newspaper publicity necessary to a modern "Social Leader." Without much pretence to personal knowledge I imagine them to be quiet, unassuming people of a rather serious turn of mind. The men hold important official positions; the women have interests of their own far more absorbing than the continual giving of parties. For the formation of a brilliant *salon*, I should say, they have neither the education nor the inclination. So much for them.

Then you have the women, well-born, it is true, and often clever, who move heaven and earth to "keep before the public." Their doings and pursuits are chronicled in every newspaper by lady journalists only too anxious to get copy from the "great" world. Their photographs are in every illustrated weekly and most of the illustrated dailies as well. They do give rather brilliant parties, it is true, but as, with a little trouble, anybody possessed of a dress-coat can get an invitation, it would seem unnecessary to characterise them as great social functions or the givers as "Social Leaders." There was once an army, I heard tell in my youth, where *all* the officers were generals.

Last of all, you have the frankly plutocratic, who often enter into a kind of offensive and defensive alliance with some leading society-journalist of the day. They, to put it baldly, feed him, and he puffs them. Nobody is deluded, not even they themselves, so that the game is harmless, and foolish, enough. But where among these is the "Social Leader" of newspaper manufacture? However, so long as there are Tangos so long will there be "Social Leaders." For a certain section of respectable society is always ready to accept anyone as a leader who voices its own particular dislikes. Hence the invaluable aid of the Tango to a "Society Leader;" it provides her with a *raison d'être*. Otherwise the two are very much alike. You can invent as many versions of both as you like, and nobody is ever agreed as to which is the correct one.



"WHISKERS WHILE YOU WAIT"

A brainy idea which has occurred to the imaginative mind of the proprietor of a Bohemian restaurant not a hundred miles from Soho

BY E. A. MORROW

"La Mond" S'amusera

Photograph MISS EVA MOND *Walter Barnett*

THE CHARMING DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF SIR ALFRED AND LADY MOND

Whose formal entry into Society as a débutante takes place on the occasion of her presentation at Court this Spring

The Navy from Within

No. V.—"AUNTIE'S SHOOTING"

(This story is a FABLE*—with a dash of Truth)*

By A NAVAL OFFICER

A CERTAIN First Lord said that favouritism was absolutely necessary to the well-being of the Navy. He was quite right, for favouritism has undoubtedly provided the Navy with some of her greatest history makers.

Who, for instance, is better known to-day than Rear-Admiral Sir Plantagenet Tudor Stuart O'Brian?

The outside world recognises him as the man who cured the Navy of smoking by ordering that every man who took tobacco in any form should have the letter T entered in the top right-hand corner of his parchment certificate, and who revolutionised the Navy's cooking by the issue of his famous volume, *Cookery in Slow Time by Numbers*, and the appointment of a number of instructors (C), whose duty it was to perfect the British Blue in the art of producing Pêches Melba from canteen tinned peaches and vinegar.

The Navy, too, has other reasons for blessing Sir Plantagenet's name. Was it not he who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Western Ocean, succeeded in reducing his Fleet to such a state of religious melancholia that the Admiralty had perforce to increase the rum ration; and was it not he, too, who, by borrowing the invention of a youthful Warrant Officer and adding his own name thereto, reduced the chance of hitting with a torpedo to a mechanical certainty?

These are but a few of the things which will make Sir Plantagenet's name famous throughout all time.

One would like to dwell on many other incidents of his career; of the record he held as a lieutenant for running destroyers ashore; of the wonderful speech which he made when being officially welcomed with his Fleet at a foreign port, and which nearly caused immediate hostilities between the two countries; and further, of the marvellous facility with which he failed in every examination for which he entered, but through which—the powers that be recognising his great value as a national asset—he was successfully pushed.

But time is short, and we must, instead, consider the wonderful story of his fight for fame up the difficult ladder of naval promotion.

When Plantagenet Tudor Stuart O'Brian entered H.M.S. *Britannia*, he was a youth of no very impressive appearance, and, indeed, nobody seemed to pay very much attention to him.

"This must stop!" murmured Plantagenet firmly. "When in doubt play Auntie!"

Being a youth who seldom hesitated, he did so at once, and a week later his captain sent for him. He patted Plantagenet gently on the back.

"Your Aunt has written to me asking me to keep an eye on you," he said kindly, "so I hope you will do her recommendation credit."

"Certainly, sir," said Plantagenet.

"Very well, then," replied the captain, "I shall watch your career with interest."

He dismissed Plantagenet with a graceful wave of his hand, and Plantagenet retired well pleased. He had noticed that the captain's guns were on the cabin table, preparatory to being thoroughly oiled.

"O.K.!" murmured Plantagenet pleasantly, as he strolled forth, "Auntie's asked him shooting."

Plantagenet's time of training passed rapidly, and when he went to sea, last of all his term, as a Naval Cadet, quite a number of sporting captains vied with each other to obtain his services.

"Smart boy, that," they said aloud.

"Thundering good shooting!" they whispered beneath their breath.

So Plantagenet went to a flagship, and became, not only midshipman of the Admiral's barge, but also social assistant to the Flag-Lieutenant.

He paid calls very nicely, and he danced divinely. Also, he never smashed up the Admiral's barge, for the simple reason that the Admiral's coxswain, an elderly chief petty officer with a considerable idea of his own importance, invariably treated Plantagenet as a rather decorative piece of brasswork, and beyond taking the greatest care that Plantagenet was well-brushed, took no further notice whatever either of Plantagenet's presence or of his orders.

Plantagenet's fame as a capable officer spread throughout the Fleet. The Admiral loved him.

Yet, in spite of all this glory, Plantagenet grew somewhat nervous as the time approached for him to pass his examination in seamanship and become a sub-lieutenant.

The Fleet happened to be in Scottish waters.

"When in doubt," murmured Plantagenet, "——"

Once more Auntie rose to the occasion.

Never was such a shoot before. Never such excellent champagne and mulled port. Never did prevaricating keepers so successfully persuade short-sighted post-captains that they had, actually and single-handed, shot the mounds of grouse which seemed to fall in all directions from the sky above whenever they lifted their guns.

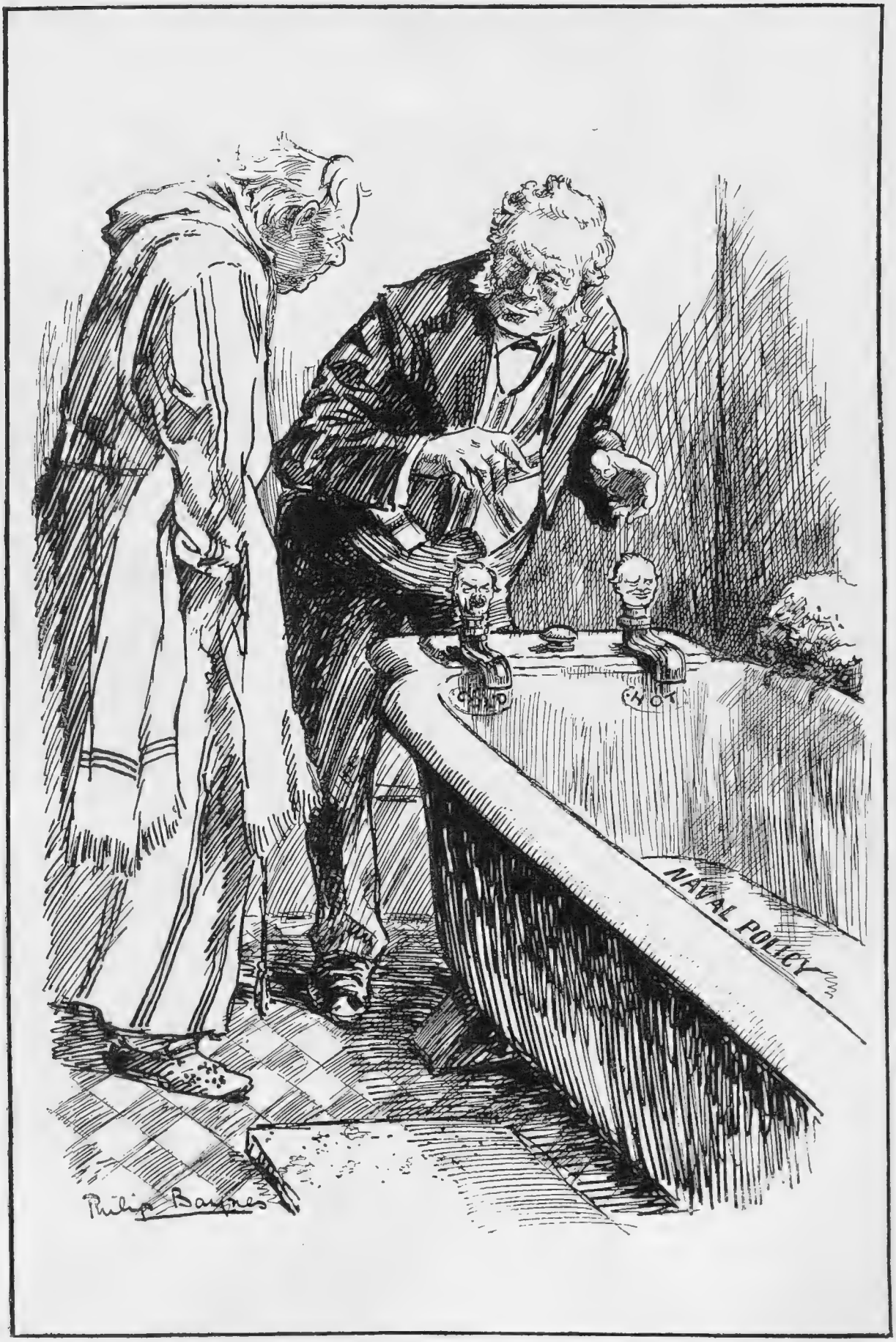
"Smart boy, that," murmured the post-captains as their galleys took them back to their respective ships, and whips were rigged to hoist in the bag.

Plantagenet got a first-class certificate in seamanship.

Then came the most awful part of Plantagenet's life; his courses at Greenwich and Portsmouth. He found it impossible to chase the elusive x, or to study theoretical gunnery, and at the same time to carry out his social duties in a proper manner.

Still, he did his best, and though, like another great Scotchman before him, he failed at first, he tried and tried again, until at last the examiners charitably

A Momentous Question



JOHN BULL: "I've put the salt water in, sir. Will you have your bath hot or cold?"

BY PHILIP BAYNES

came to the conclusion that perhaps Plantagenet's addition of two and two into five was the right one after all. So they passed him.

Plantagenet, glancing through the Navy List, decided that an about-to-be-promoted captain would soon require a young and promising Flag-Lieutenant.

"When in doubt," murmured Plantagenet, "——"

The captain was both surprised and delighted to receive such a charmingly worded and beautifully embossed invitation. He accepted Plantagenet's Aunt's offer of shooting with haste.

"Smart boy that," he murmured, after two day's excellent sport in Plantagenet's company, "I wonder——?"

A week later Plantagenet received his commission as Acting-Lieutenant, and joined the great man's staff with two gold rings upon his arm and gold aiguillettes upon his shoulder.

It was about this time, too, that he borrowed the youthful Gunner's invention. That enterprising Warrant Officer had been attempting to persuade the Admiralty into accepting it for nearly three years, without the slightest sign of success. Nobody at Whitehall could be induced even to glance at "Conks' Torpedo Fire Director," and if Plantagenet had not borrowed it the Navy might still be without this automatic butcher. But Plantagenet's name altered all that.

"Plantagenet O'Brian's Torpedo Fire Director?" said the experts, "let us see? Plantagenet O'Brian? Oh! yes, we remember! Topping good shooting, too! This is a splendid idea!"

Plantagenet received the thanks of the Admiralty, and a promise of accelerated promotion.

Up to this time Plantagenet had never seriously studied the question of matrimony, and, indeed, he might not have done so for some time, but for the fact that he met his fate whilst spending his foreign service leave at his Aunt's residence.

"Yes," he said, as he strolled in the moonlight with the Lady Griselda Faithworthy, "Auntie's been a dear old brick to me, and, of course, this place will come to me when she shuffles off."

The Lady Griselda glanced with interest at the noble pile of the castle behind her. A curious gleam shot through her eyes—a gleam of determination.

She realised, of course, that she was not very beautiful, and she realised, too, that she was not very young, but still it was worth trying, anyhow.

"The Prime Minister is my cousin, you know," she remarked casually, "and I have two brothers in Parliament, as well as father in the House of Lords. I often feel I should like to make some man's career for him."

Plantagenet started.

"Of course, the average N.O. is too poor to marry," he said hesitatingly.

"Then he should marry a rich wife," retorted the Lady Griselda. "Of course, my own dress allowance is only ten thousand a year!"

Plantagenet realised for the first time that the Lady Griselda was very pretty—nay, she was beautiful. He also realised that moonlight may be romantic, and that sailors should never hesitate.

"Griselda!" he murmured, in a voice hoarse with emotion.

The lady promptly sank into his arms.

A week later the announcement of the engagement appeared in the *Times* and *Morning Post*.

"Now," said Plantagenet, "I'll go to the Royal Yacht. Forward, Auntie! Forward, Griselda!"

They "forwarded," and in due course he was appointed to the *Victoria and Albert*.

It was here that he made his greatest mark of all.

A new First Lord of the Admiralty had just been appointed from the Cabinet. He was an enthusiastic and distinguished young man, but—he strongly disliked being told things, and he hated with a bitter hatred all who attempted to correct him.

Plantagenet attracted him at once. He considered that Plantagenet's type of vacant beauty was almost ideal for his purpose.

"In what year was the *Dreadnought* built?" he asked the astonished Plantagenet.

Plantagenet spluttered.

"I'm blest if I know, sir," he exclaimed.

The First Lord was pitiless.

"How many submarines has Germany got?" he demanded.

Plantagenet blushed.

"I'm afraid I—I can't tell you, sir," he said.

The First Lord beamed.

"What is the calibre of the latest 13.5in. gun?" he asked.

Plantagenet hung his head.

"The exact calibre escapes me, sir," he replied; "somewhere between forty and eighty, I rather think," he added hurriedly.

The First Lord resembled a benignant sun, but his voice was harsh.

"In what year," he rumbled, "did William the Conqueror come to England?"

Plantagenet lifted his handkerchief to his eyes and sobbed.

"I do—don't know, sir," he gulped.

The First Lord brought his hand down hard on Plantagenet's back.

"You're the very man I've been looking for," he said, happily, "you're the only man I've met for months who knows less than myself. I shall have you appointed to my personal staff at once."

Plantagenet staggered back, surprise and delight mingling in his expression.

"But—but, sir——" he began.

"Don't trouble to thank me, my boy," said the First Lord cheerily, "pray don't trouble to thank me."

He turned away to hide his emotion.

"They tell me your Aunt has some excellent shooting?" he added tentatively.

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir," replied Plantagenet.

He saluted and retired hurriedly to send an urgent telegram.

"If they don't promote me now," said Plantagenet, as he wrote down his Aunt's address, "——"

They did.

Such is the reward of merit.

Viva Plantagenet!

MORALS.—I. An aunt with a shooting is worth two in the suburbs (or more). II. Influence is the mother of promotion.

R. P.

NEXT WEEK—
"THE DOWNFALL OF JAMES"
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

SIR HERBERT TREE AS ZAKKURI IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AND (INSET) MISS MARIE LÖHR, WHO TAKES THE PART OF YO-SAN AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

If the youngest generation cares to see the sort of thing that was enjoyed a decade ago, Sir Herbert Tree's revival of *The Darling of the Gods* is just the kind of piece to visit. It is artificially made up to provide the actors with some theatrically effective moments—but as for the rest it is Shoji and Yasbiki, or, as the Western would say, leather and prunello. However, there are scenes when the leather is quite good, as in the meeting-place of the Samurai at the ruined shrine of the goddess Kwannon, but the prunello of "The Brink of the River of Souls" is a very poor vision of a thousand years passing between the heavens and the hells. Miss Marie Löhr is wonderfully made-up to look like a Japanese, but otherwise she does not convey the unfortunate heroine, Yo-San, very vividly to the mind. Mr. Relph is the mildest and most depressing Prince that was ever born to lead a forlorn hope. But Sir Herbert Tree throws himself into the part of the wicked Minister of State (Ministers always are sly fellows) Zakkuri, with a will. He spares himself no moment of labour nor any cunning trick of the stage; he is daring and subtle, and if only the written part were a little more real, he would be able to give us an admirable entertainment.

Where Tourists Seldom Penetrate

AN IMPRESSIONISTIC PICTURE OF THE NUT MARKET, STAMBOUL

A typical view of the dilapidated Turkish quarter of Constantinople, which is but rarely visited by foreign tourists, who prefer to cross from Pera or Galata to Stamboul by one of the two famous bridges rather than to traverse the Golden Horn in a caïque, or rowing boat. The Stamboul side of the Golden Horn, between the two bridges, is probably the most Oriental and picturesque part of Constantinople. This photograph was taken by the well-known art-critic, Mr. P. G. Konody

The Bystander in PARIS

"J. A. P."

Coffee and Cigarettes

Do you mind if we play at coffee and cigarettes? You know the game I mean. You light your cigarette and sip your coffee and I tell you a few little stories. I don't know why it should be so, but I feel like that this afternoon. I think it must be because I met Monsieur Monis on the boulevards just now, and he reminded me of cognac. For the Minister of Marine sold and sells very excellent brandy,

"If M. Monis, Minister of Marine, were to walk down the boulevards with a navy roll on him . . ."

and between you and me and the electorate, he looks as if he did. It's a funny thing how unlike members of the Cabinet French members of the Cabinet do look. I admit, of course, that if Monsieur Monis, Minister of Marine, were to walk down the boulevards with a navy roll on him, people might misunderstand it. But the Third Republic's Cabinet Ministers look peculiarly commercial, and the most commercial-looking one of the lot is the Prime Minister himself, Monsieur Doumergue.

The Foreign Office Manner

This is a little awkward for him sometimes because Monsieur Doumergue is also Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the attachés and permanent officials at the Quai d'Orsay have the Foreign Office—dare I whisper? — "swank" to which our own F.O. young men accustom us. Only the other day a foreign diplomat whose name wild horses shall not drag from me, called at the Quai d'Orsay. As Monsieur Doumergue had some important papers to sign, the *chef de cabinet*, who was waiting for them, chatted with the diplomat to keep him patient. When Monsieur Doumergue had finished signing he joined in the conversation, and presently the distinguished foreign diplomat whispered to Monsieur de Margerie, whom he took for the Minister, "Do turn that loud and vulgar fellow out. Who is he?" It was a very awkward moment.

Not Quite Parisian

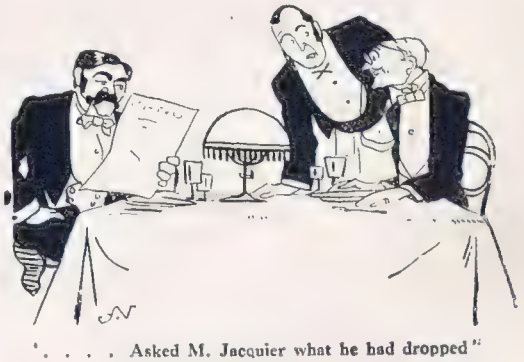
The new Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts is a very nice young man, but he is quite new to Paris. I forget where Monsieur Jacquier came up from, but I know it was a long way off. It is part of the business of an Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts Department to be as Parisian as possible. At the dress rehearsal of *Parsifal* Monsieur Jacquier fairly worried Monsieur Viviani's life out, and the Minister of Public Instruction got rid of him after a while for his throat was quite dry with telling his subordinate the identities of Raoul Gunsbourg, Reynaldo Hahn, Monsieur Ernest La Jeunesse, the Paris Bystander, Monsieur Arthur Meyer, and other interesting-looking people in the stalls. During the dinner interval—as you know, *Parisfal* begins early, ends late, and we have dinner interval between the acts—Monsieur Jacquier found himself sitting right opposite Monsieur Aristide Briand. He didn't know just what he ought to do, for Monsieur Briand's intentions with regard to the present Government are well-known. Should he bow coldly, or should he go and shake hands? He really didn't know just what the right thing was to do in Paris. So he did as they do in the Provinces, when the doctor and schoolmaster do not agree. He sat very straightly and stiffly,

"The Absent-minded Judge"

and smiled towards Monsieur Briand with an ambiguous little forward movement of his head. The movement was so ambiguous that the waiter who was watching him darted forward and asked Monsieur Jacquier what he had dropped.

Plenty of Room

Rodin the sculptor rents the Hotel Biron from the Government, and the newspapers are always making a fuss because they say the place ought not to be rented. On the other hand, Rodin considers himself first cousin to the Venus of Milo, and takes rather a large size in hats. Forain, the artist, has a terrible tongue. A few of us were discussing, the other evening, what ought to be done with M. Astruc's beautiful new theatre off the Champs Elysées, which has closed its doors. "It's perfectly simple," said Forain. "Why not let it to Rodin?" By the way, if ever you go and see Rodin remember to call him "*Cher maître*" as often as possible. He likes it. The other day a young journalist walked up to Rodin with hand outstretched, and Rodin turned his back. "Whatever's that for?" said the innocent young man, and everybody told him. He had written an enthusiastically eulogistic article on the great sculptor the day before, but he had called him Monsieur Rodin all the



". . . . Asked M. Jacquier what he had dropped"

way through it. Great men have these little failings.

An Absent-Minded Judge You don't often get a chance of a laugh in the Paris Appeal Court, and even smiles are rare. But the other afternoon there was an excuse for an extensive giggle. Maître Le Barazer, a keen politician, was for the defendant, and Maître René Renoult for the plaintiff. When the case was called Le Barazer stood up, and said he was at the orders of the court, but his opponent was not present. "When do you think he will be free?" asked the Judge, sleepily. Now, Maître René Renoult is at present Minister of the Interior, and Maître Le Barazer, who is agin the Government, remarked with a wicked smile, "Oh, I think he should be free in about a fortnight." "We will hear the case in a fortnight, then," said the absent-minded judge, and everyone in court giggled loudly, for it is an open secret that the Government may very likely not last much longer.

Personal Explanation You've guessed it, of course. The title "J. A. P." means "Just About People."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

PRUSSIAN WOLF AND GERMAN LAMB

The Quarrel Zabern is still hissing and steaming. This kitchen imagery is the only way to describe the row that has been going on here since November, 1913, and will probably go on till November, 1914. The quarrel grows worse. Until the trials were over Zabern was an important issue; now it is a monumental issue. It is the greatest of all phases of the quarrel between those ill-mated animals, the Prussian wolf and the German lamb; a quarrel in which the wolf always comes out on top.

Spectacled Germany The Prussian wolf is just now showing its violent contempt for the German lamb. The German lamb invokes contempt. It is a mild, decent, spectacled, democratic, academic lamb; while the Prussian wolf is tough, rough, impudent, *autoritaire*, with a duel-scarred face, a jingling sabre, a retreating skull, and highly imposing words about Order, Discipline, Strength, the State. The tough wolf has always done better than the spectacled lamb. The lamb tried to unite Germany in the learned Frankfurt Parliament. "Forty professors in it," said Heine, "the Fatherland is lost!" The Prussian wolf solved the problem by putting a good junk of the lamb into its own inside. It solved it *à la* Zabern.

Unheard Bleatings The weakness of the German lamb against the Prussian wolf is that the lamb never does aught but bleat. Its Reichstag is a double-barrelled, quick-action bleating machine, which bleats always when it should swear. Sometimes it half effects things against the wolf. It bleated at Bethmann Hollweg over Zabern; and innocent newspaper correspondents talked about "the German storm." Because bleating bores him, Bethmann promised redress; the officers would be tried; the law would be vindicated. And he let the little Förstner get forty-three days' gaol. Then the real master came along in the shape of the Prussian wolf. It said the officers must be acquitted. It growled, not bleated. And to-day the officers are free; and the innocent Reichstag is wondering why its bleat went unheard.

Getting It Prussia always beats Germany because wolves always beat lambs. The lambs are always more numerous; but that only pleases the wolves. The bleat of timid Democracy amuses. They know that the Reichstag the day after it has had the courage to bleat will repent its courage; and keep silent. That is not the Prussian wolf's way. When the extreme Tories, Militarists, Pan-Germans want anything they growl, snarl, and bite till they get it. And they get it.

Contrasted Methods When the spectacled, academic lamb gains anything by its bleat it always does its best to lose the gain. It rubs its hands with complacency; and goes home to its tea. Next day it has forgotten what it bleated for; and the enemy comes and steals what was gained. The Prussian wolf's is a nobler way. When it blackmails a political concession out of the Government, it asks for more. And now having blackmailed the Zabern acquittals out of hopeless Bethmann Hollweg, it is taking the aggressive all along the line. It is attacking the Chancellor for his alleged weakness to the democrat Reichstag; it is ordering him to pass exceptional laws against democrats; it is explaining that the Army's power so far from being curtailed must be increased; and it is making dark hints about abolition of Universal Suffrage by *coup d'état*.

The Chancellor In Prussia's Landtag, the fortress and citadel of Junker Militarism, the Zabern victors are making a fierce demonstration against the knock-kneed Empire. They have passed a resolution demanding that in Imperial affairs the Prussian standpoint shall be better enforced. As usual, the Chancellor, who is far more German than Prussian, has stood on the defensive. He has explained, "I, too, am a good Prussian." Which he is not. He is a good German lamb of academic, spectacled, vacillating kind; and the Prussian wolf can do what it likes with him. And unless he climbs down and stands for the Prussian Militarists' programme he will go the way of Buelow and Caprivi, and every other statesman who has dared to defy the Prussian wolf.

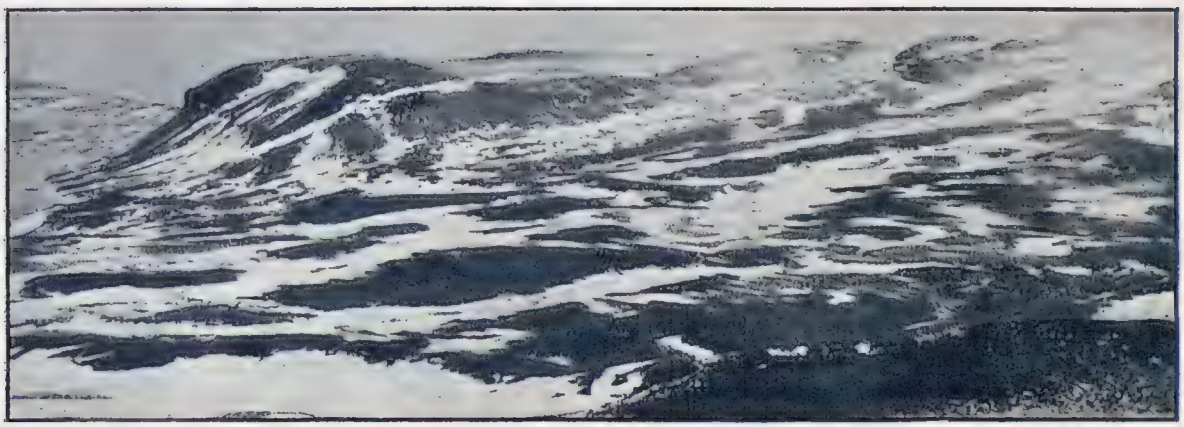
Under the Agitators No Government was ever so much at the mercy of agitators as is Germany's. Innocent Britons talk about the "strong German Government which stands above parties." The strong German Government stands above only one party. It stands, posing drolly in inflexible attitudes, above the bleating democratic sheep. But when the Tory-Militarist-Prussian wolves begin to growl it climbs down at once.

The Arctic Riviera (?)

ICELAND, WHERE THE WINTER IS GENERALLY MILDER THAN THE SUMMER

REYKJAVIK HARBOUR

A GROUP OF ICELANDIC PONIES



A TYPICAL ICELANDIC LANDSCAPE IN JANUARY

Photographs by] THE TOWN OF REYKJAVIK [*Mr. Nicholls, Ashtead, Surrey*

Iceland is one of the least photographed of countries, because seldom has a photographer the hardihood to venture thus far north. The above selection reach us from an English engineer who has recently returned. It happens not infrequently, however, that the temperature of the island, when Europe shivers, is not much below our own. Winter, odd as it may seem, is comparatively less severe than spring and summer, in which seasons cold prevails owing to the breaking up of the Greenland ice. So, if an enterprising friend *should* propose a winter sport's holiday in Iceland, don't shudder—just go!

IF ENGLAND DANCED IT AS I

We are quite prepared to find that someone has made the discovery that the Tango was never danced in the Argentine at all, but until that portentous announcement is made we must believe what we are told, and we therefore quote from a daily paper a *résumé* of an article which appeared in *La Revue Sud-Américaine* as follows:—"In front of the Argentine rancho on a quiet moonlight night one sees another Tango. The gaucho tucks up his 'chiripa,' flings back his 'poncho,' and holding his dark-eyed beauty by the waist, whirls her around in a frantic movement, to stop suddenly and fix upon her a gaze of savage ecstasy. The dogs

S IN THE PLACE OF ITS ORIGIN

howl and bark while the guitars play, and when the men have swallowed glass after glass of 'aguardiente doble,' the scene not infrequently winds up with an improvised duel with the knife between two of the guests, one of whom is sure to rise no more from the ground. The women scream, the dim lamps go out, the gauchos leap on their horses and gallop away, leaving the dead man to be buried by some good Samaritan." Above our artist gives some idea of what the Tango would look like in a modern English ball-room were it really danced à l'Argentine

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Bystander on the RIVIERA

THE SEASON ARRIVES AT LAST

Not So Bad

THE season has begun at last. It is still distinctly slack, but it has begun. I know that to be a fact because the snapshot "artist" on the Place du Casino at Monte, who hitherto has been the saddest man in the Principality, assured me only yesterday that during the last three days he had had nothing to grumble about. And when a man who earns his living on the Azure Coast has nothing to complain of, even for one day, then you may be quite absolutely certain that things cannot be so bad, after all. Up till now my snapshot friend and everyone else who lives, or tries to, by or on the visitor had a real right to grumble. It even looked a case of despair. But, if the Riviera is very big, so is the world, and there are still just enough people left in the latter with sufficient money to enable the sun-merchant to dispose of part, at any rate, of his goods.

Racing

The race-meeting at Nice this year, speaking in any case from a social point of view, has been an entire failure, and it seems certain now that unless the authorities make up their minds to erect a special ladies' *tribune* they will never get the "right" kind of the female sex to attend the meeting. After all, no sensible woman ever put her dainty foot upon a racecourse with the idea of seeing horses compete, and if the paddock happens to be a little muddy, what earthly reason has she for driving out a couple of miles with the very possible risk of catching a chill. Unless, of course, she had a *tribune* to herself, where Mrs. Wrong would have no possible chance of sitting next to Mrs. Right.

Personalities

The only people of any importance who were "out" on the last big day were Prince Victor Duleep Singh, who, I am assured, has not been treating the guests of the Hotel Imperial to his delightful rendering of "Songs of Araby"; Mr. Fred Terry, who can scarcely have found Riviera racing profitable; Mr. Jefferson Cohn, who was walking about arm-in-arm with Lord Michelham; Mr. Frank Jay Gould, with whom health and wealth scarcely seem to be terms that run in double harness; Carpentier, the boxer, who looked less like a boxer than ever; M. Camille Blanc, whom one was glad to see restored to comparative health; the irrepressible Mr. Bertie Hollander, a "prominent American citizen," who would wear a top-hat—the only one to be seen on the course; "Mich," the clever caricaturist who is covering the walls of the Chatham at Nice; and little Willie Solar, the American comedian, who made such a hit at the Hippodrome, and will do the same at the Reserve de Beaulieu and the Hotel Rühl, both of which establishments have secured his services.

"Asquithiana"

Mr. Asquith kept the local reporters quite busy during his brief stay. The precocious Master Anthony Asquith, who delivered lectures at the hotel every night on subjects which he should know very little about and can scarcely have proved an asset to a Rivieran *hôtelier*, also provided an oasis of news in a desert of "copy." Indeed, so thoroughly did the local papers look after the Premier and his youthful son that one was infinitely relieved when he took it into his head to return to London, and his boy made up his mind that it was high time he gathered more material for lectures at school. After all, even we poor Riviera readers are liable to get bored, however fervent may be our admiration for Mr. Asquith, when with our coffee and rolls we are presented with half a column about a mislaid golf-bag!

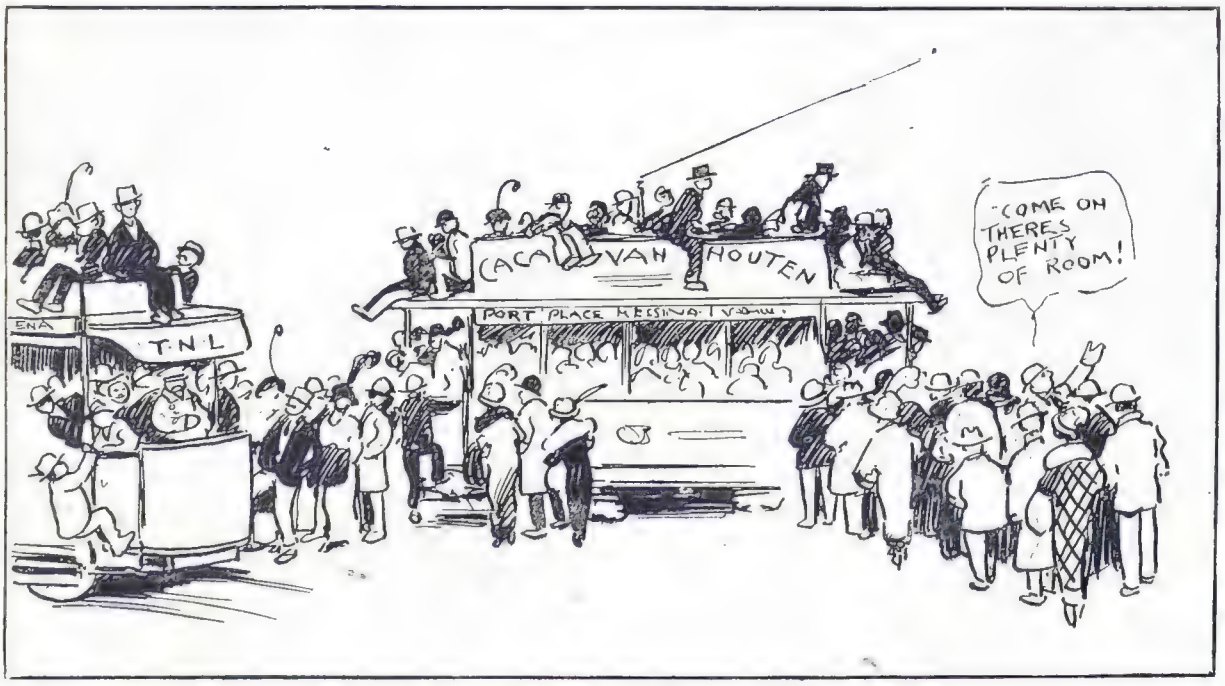
The Baronne de Vaughan

One of the personalities most *en vue* on this (sometimes) Azure Coast—it has been unpleasantly grey of late—is the Baronne de Vaughan, whom I saw lunching the other day at Beaulieu with her, and the late King Leopold's, two little sons. The small boys certainly take far more after their—apparently—charming mother than after their august father. They were chiefly remarkable for their excellent behaviour.

The Hotel War

A local wit suggested that the Rühl-Negresco duel might take the form of a glove fight. "Precisely," added another funny man (they abound on this coast), "a three hundred and fifty room contest—with bathrooms attached."

THE TRAVELLER



SUNDAY IN NICE—OR "WHERE THERE'S A WILL—"

The overcrowding of the trams on that day of the week has become so much of a nuisance as to be the subject of considerable discussion in the local Press

BY NORMAN MORROW

Will They Take It?

THE DOMINIONS' CHANCE OF A "TOPPING" LONDON RESIDENCE

FRONT ELEVATION OF THE PROPOSED DOMINION HOUSE

LORD CHELMSFORD will, by now, have arrived in Canada to lay before Mr. Borden, the Premier, the details of Earl Grey's proposal that the Dominions acquire the Strand Island site for a Dominion House in the centre of London. The design of the building, the height of which will exceed that of St. Paul's, should alone compel acquiescence. From the top of it, Macaulay's New Zealander will be able to command an admirable view of the ruins of the rest of London, assuming, of course, that the building is complete by the time that event is enacted by militant suffragettes (who would, of course, spare Dominion House)

Photograph *Lafayette*

EARL GREY

Photograph *Freeman*

LORD CHELMSFORD

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Mary-Girl" at the Vaudeville Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

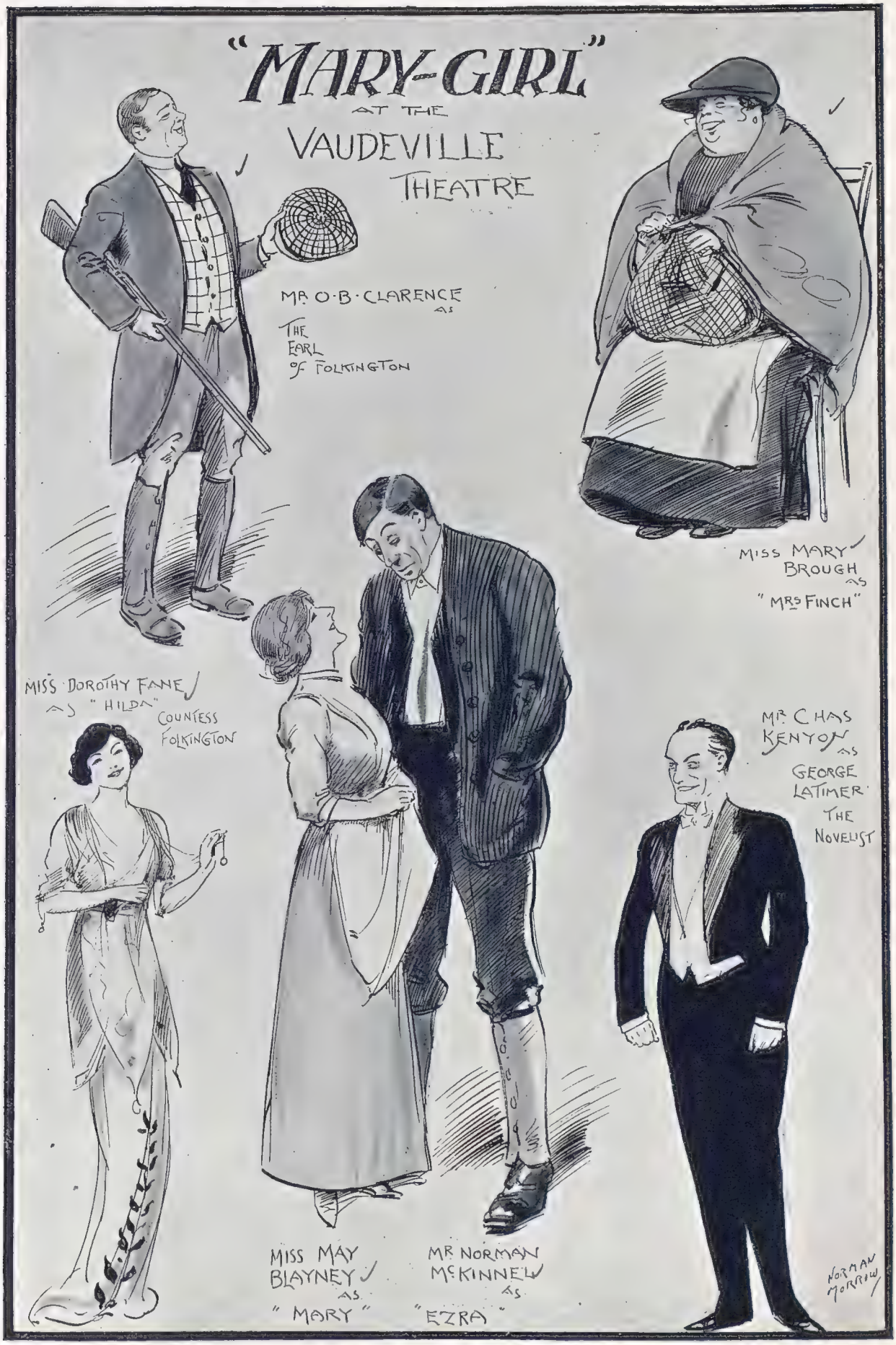
WE are first introduced to the humble home of Ezra Sheppard (Mr. Norman McKinnel) and his wife, Mary-Girl (Miss May Blayney), who are preparing for their frugal meal (I believe that is what it is usually called). They are discussing, incidentally, Ezra's fanatical ambition to build a Meeting House—he being a member of the Plymouth Brethren, an amiable sect noted, I believe, alike for the simplicity of their religious devotions and for their business acumen. The Meeting House is to be nothing showy, but something simple which "will be seemly in the eyes of the Lord," though Ezra never explains to us how he came to be acquainted with the particular tastes of Providence in the matter of architectural design. Ezra is something of a preacher himself—as far, that is, as such functionaries exist among the Brotherhood; and he seems to assume quite naturally that his desire to have a place of his own where he can hold forth on Sundays is just a manifestation of superior righteousness. Worldly people will, I am afraid, see in the project only the vulgar craving for cheap distinction, which is characteristic of smaller minds.

In his cottage home Ezra pinches and saves—and makes his unhappy wife pinch and save as well—to accumulate the fund necessary to start the precious Meeting House. And then we hear great news. Up at the Castle an heir has been born to Lord and Lady Folkington, and her ladyship is looking out for a wet-nurse for her child. A few moments later Lady Folkington's mamma calls to say that if Mary-Girl would like the position it is hers. The salary is twenty-four pounds a month and all found. (I believe I would have taken the job myself at the price.) The only condition is that Mary-Girl must absent herself completely from her husband during the twelve months of her foster-motherhood, as her distinguished employers propose to have her washed and combed and disinfected once and for all, and they do not want any of her less hygienic acquaintances to come to the Castle and bring their hostile germs with them. At first Ezra refuses the terms absolutely; but as it dawns upon him gradually that with the money that Mary-Girl

earns he will be able to start building his Meeting House, he consents to let her go. The idea that Mary-Girl might want to keep some of her earnings for herself does not seem to occur to Ezra, who is a singularly complete type of the person to whom the gift of good, wholesome religion is a sheer waste of the raw material.

We are next taken to the Castle, where we find Mary-Girl doing herself extremely well. She has just got to the fruit stage of her expensive dinner, and we gather that she is mixing freely with quite good people—such as, for instance, the footman and the head nurse of the establishment. Some people I know do not think much of footmen; but I have always had a sneaking reverence for these beautiful creatures, myself. Mary-Girl also receives in her private sitting-room Lord and Lady Folkington; and after his lordship has gone, her ladyship's cousin, Mr. Latimer, comes in and kisses her ladyship surreptitiously, just to show how sinful the upper classes can be when they really give their minds to it. This scene is not, perhaps, very convincing. It is rather more of a caricature than a picture; but it serves to emphasise the point which might have been taken for granted, that the standard of living in a nobleman's castle is rather different from that prevailing in the cottage of a working gardener.

In the third act Mary-Girl is back in the humble home again, and not unnaturally she notices the tremendous difference. She does not have much of an appetite for the coarse food of her husband s house, and the prospect of a day at the washtub appals her so much that she goes to the extreme length of hiring domestic help against her husband's wishes. I should think any other kind of husband than a smug and self-satisfied gospel-spouter would have understood the position and have let her down lightly, especially as she seems to have given him all her wages. Indeed, to this extent I think the author (Mrs. Hope Merrick)

A Problem Play (Including Solutions)

"How does a young married woman in poor circumstances behave after a year's separation from her own home in an affluent one upon her return to the former; and how (the first question being answered) does a religiously-minded husband receive his erring wife on her return to him?" are the questions answered, in quite an unexpected manner, in "Mary-Girl"

BY NORMAN MORROW

is hardly fair to the character she has drawn with such a heavy hand. But Ezra has no thought of anything but for the Meeting House, which has by this time been built. And when he finds his wife objecting to the daily round and the common tasks of her dreary home, he gives her what I believe is known in professional circles as a hook with the left on the jaw, which knocks her off her feet. He then says he will see her about it in the morning and wrestle with her soul. To which Mary replies defiantly that in the morning she will be far away. This is a very powerful scene, and affords opportunity for some really fine acting by Mr. McKinnel and Miss Blayney.

Six months elapse, and we are back once more at the humble home. Consistently enough Ezra is occupied in getting himself a meal. In each one of the four acts of this play a meal is either in preparation or in progress; and, therefore, it occasions us no surprise when Ezra, on the arrival of a visitor, says he has no appetite for his supper. I find it quite easy to believe that a moderately well-fed actor must resent being obliged to take supper three or four times in one evening. The fashionable privilege of appendicitis is a luxury denied to us humbler folk. Then Mary comes back after a long absence in London to explain between her sobs that after her money had all been spent she had no alternative but to go and stay with a gentleman friend, who was very good to her, and all that kind of thing, don't you know. It then dawns upon Ezra that if he had not "sold" his wife to the people at the Castle this tragedy would never have happened; and he, therefore, runs out and sets fire to the Meeting House by way of making things even—an act of stupidity which fitly crowns his unreasonable behaviour throughout. The theme of *Mary-Girl* would require for its proper development a good long novel weighing at least 5 lbs. (avoirdupois), and, therefore, it is not surprising that in her effort to compress it into a four-act play the author should have been rather sketchy and impressionistic in her method. But it is certainly a play that is worth seeing, if only for the excellence of the acting. JINGLE

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

CRITICS of our Chancellor of the Exchequer maintain that he is constantly creating more officials, but in fairness they should admit that this is not always the case. Who, for example, has done more than Mr. Lloyd George to reduce the Board of Admiralty during the past week?

* * *

The Army Film seems to have been a great success, and should have the effect of bringing in a lot of recruits. We all know how effective films that show *la vie intime* of the burglar are in inducing lads to take up burglary, and it would be very disappointing if the Army Film had not an equal influence in making them wish to be soldiers.

* * *

Now, there is a growing demand that a film should be produced dealing with life in the Navy—before the Government entirely does away with this interesting little service.

* * *

According to the *Daily Mail*, "the old idea that only the rounded contours of youth were to be regarded as beautiful has passed away, and the modern face full of character is deemed delightful." But we always thought Mr. Winston Churchill's face delightful.

* * *

Washington ladies are reported to be giving up the Tango in favour of Philosophy. "Come right along and Plato-hug!" as the Washington lady says to her late Tango-partner.

* * *

In response to the cry of a business training for public schoolboys, the Headmaster of Bradfield has decided to start a commercial side. He should be able to get quite a pick of masters to teach the subject of "Canteen and Mess Supply."

By the way, the suggestion that, at the forthcoming "Efficiency in Business Exhibition," there should be a show of model cells for Efficient Business Men is unlikely, we understand, to be adopted.

* * *

"Leg-muffs" are stated to be the *dernier cri* of the smart Parisienne, and soon, no doubt, we shall be accustomed to the only really graceful way of walking—that of the Eskimo lady.

* * *

"Radium has recently been discovered to exist in coal." And now the simple-hearted coal-merchant, when he is asked by the enraged housewife why he has once more put up his prices, will be able to explain that it's because there's radium in it.

* * *

We are always happy, as the *Jewish World* knows, to assist in denouncing any anti-Semitic canard, and for this reason, if for no other, we are glad to be able to say that the report that the Hon. N. C. Rothschild paid £1,000 for a flea is without foundation.

* * *

"Why," asks a writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, "should I speak of the woman who waits at the table as a 'parlour-maid' . . . when she is a married woman with perhaps two or three children?" Well, it impresses strangers, for one thing, more than calling her the "general" would; and for another she would probably resent being referred to as "the mother of three."

* * *

As a rule, spelling reformers are not very practical, but an exceptional man seems to have supervised the new issue of Egyptian stamps. "Postes Egyptiennes" is now more concisely spelt "Egypt Postage."

Economy in Excelsis

MR. McTAVISH, R.A., SAVES THE PRICE OF A MODEL FOR HIS FAMOUS FICTURE "THE BALLET GIRL"

BY M. GOODMAN

The Revolution in Decorative Art

II.—Taste and Originality in Sitting Room Furniture

BY PRUNELLA

HOW often has a husband felt the horror of going back after a day's hard work (or a day's golf) to a sitting-room he does not like or a dull-looking living-room? How often have both he and his wife felt the uncomfortableness or the pretentiousness of it all without being able to remedy it? Sometimes they lack ideas, sometimes they lack means, anyhow they are in the hands of the purely commercial decorator, who usually has no taste of his own and simply caters for the public taste—unless he be a first-rate man whose prices average people cannot afford to pay. Then a few hints might really prove most useful.

To begin with, a sitting-room must be a room in which you can sit and lounge with pleasure and comfort. It must not try to imitate a real drawing-room, and it is a great mistake to furnish it with imitations (cheap or expensive, good or bad) of old furniture. The sitting-room is *par excellence* the room which can be done up in a nice, modern, and very comfortable way.

A large divan with cushions, two or three easy-chairs, several small ones, one large table and, say, two of the kind called "occasional," together with a bookcase will serve the purpose most admirably. Of course, easy-chairs are all more or less alike, and fairly moderate in price, but a large divan and a bookcase (however ugly) bought in ordinary shops are expensive items. But there is a way of saving at least twenty pounds in furnishing your room while at the same time it will look much more effective and less banal.

For the divan buy an ordinary French box-spring mattress, have four small pieces of deal fixed on as legs, put over it an ordinary mattress, and a loose cover over the thing, and you have your divan made for a very small sum of money. If on that you put against the wall three large cushions as a back and several little ones in front of the large ones you will see that you have obtained a charming divan (which also can be used as a real bed if by any chance you have to put up somebody unexpectedly when all your spare rooms are occupied).

As for the bookcase, it can be made up for a few pounds by a carpenter. Two sides, a kind of skirting, a few shelves and a top, the whole thing fixed against the wall and painted the same colour as the wood-work, will make a splendid and useful bookcase much better-looking than any ordinary cabinet of the usual commercial Chippendale or Sheraton pattern.

The decoration of the room can be made in two ways.

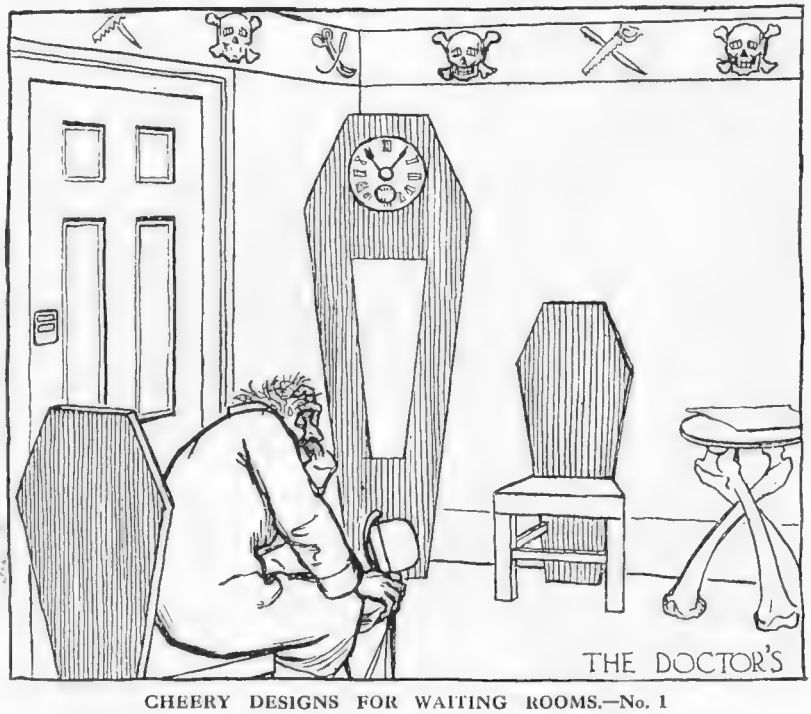
Either you have good pictures and then you want a good background for them, or you have only bad prints, and you had better put them in the servants' hall.

In the first case have a fine plain paper or distemper (of a neutral colour if you are afraid of these bold modern colourings). The curtains should be made of material with a decided pattern or a really good stripe; the loose covers also with a pattern, but not the same as the curtains, with a pattern either much smaller or much larger. The loose cover on the divan should be plain with fine bright cushions—coming out of the general background like flowers against the green of the grass and of the trees. Then every detail will take its real and very important place forming a most harmonious and satisfying *ensemble*.

In the second case you can have a nice paper with a good pattern, which will in itself decorate the room (and that is why you must be careful to choose a fine decorative pattern), and then have plain curtains and plain loose covers of a colour to match. But, as a rule, a paper with a pattern and curtains with a pattern don't go well together. And it is no use, either, to chose curtains the pattern of which "exists also in wall papers," as they say, because owing to the difference of fabrication the colours never look the same.

PRUNELLA

P.S.—For next week I shall make a few suggestions for modern schemes of colours for sitting-rooms.



CHEERY DESIGNS FOR WAITING ROOMS.—No. 1

Fantasies in Fashion

No. V.—"OLGA COUNTESS NIHILISTSKY"

BY PURCELL JONES

LEAVEN

** *(Dedicated to the W.S.P.U.)*

". . . O, woman-prophet, mocked, mis-known, reviled,
With wingéd heart, sublime and separate,
Thou, mother-wife reborn, shalt recreate."

BY EDMUND KAPP

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

THE PIGEON AND THE CROW

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

I HEARD this story not a week ago, at three o'clock in the morning, in the Grande Brasserie Pierre, in Rouen. It began there, that is to say. It did not actually end until an hour later, in the Café of the Snail.

I was feeling unusually cheerful that morning because I had just been taken out of pawn—by Elderson. I got into pawn because a foolish publisher commissioned me to write a book and I went to Rouen to finish it, because I thought Rouen would be quiet. In the event, when I began to think of going home I found that I had spent all my money and could not pay my hotel bill. So I had to borrow a little from the *patron* wherewith to wire to all the likely friends I could think of. Three of them responded nobly and one—Elderson to wit—came himself. I think he thought from my wire that I was in prison, and I know that he wanted to see France, because he is a manufacturer sort of person in Lancashire, of the kind that regards France as immoral.

He took me out of pawn, as I say, and then he asked me to show him the sights of Rouen. I showed him the outside of the churches and things—you can see the insides if you are an ordinary man, like Elderson, very much better through the eyes of Mr. Baedeker—and I took him up to Bon Secours, and I took him down to La Bouillie on a penny steamer and nearly froze the enthusiasm out of him. It was the time of the Foire St. Romain just then, so I took him to the Russian Circus one night and the next I took him to the local Folies Bergère. I suppose it was about the worst variety entertainment you ever saw in your life, but he loved it, because he thought it was so French—as indeed it was.

After the Folies Bergère was through, as he began to discuss licensing laws with me, I took him to the Brasserie Pierre, just to prove to him that you can get a drink in Rouen, if you want to, even after midnight. I played him a game of billiards, and afterwards we sat down in an alcove and drank bock, and it was while we were drinking bock that the lady came up and spoke to us. Elderson was a little upset at first, because it would scarcely have been considered the thing, in, let us say, Warrington, but, as he put it himself, everything is so different abroad, and so when the lady asked him, through me, if he would not like to stand her a bock also, he agreed with the best grace in the world, and he took his part manfully in the ensuing conversation—he does not speak French—smiling most genially at everything that was said and beckoning to the waiter whenever necessary, with the best grace in the world.

She was really a very nice person—really, I mean—even although she did call you "mon chéri" before being introduced. She was quite pretty and well dressed—not at all garishly, at any rate—and that she could tell a good story, or that I at least thought so, you can judge for yourself, because here it follows as she told it to me. She began it, as I say, in the Brasserie Pierre, but as that closed at two, we went on afterwards to the café of the Snail, where you can get something to eat, and which does not close until five in the morning, and not always then, and there she finished it. Thus it was, and if it does not point a moral not unworthy the perusal of an Englishman, I for one don't know what morals are.

Not so many hundreds of years ago a good young Englishman went to Rouen. That was how she came to tell me the story because she said that I made her think of him, although I am not a good young Englishman at all. Anyway, he was going up to pass some kind of a theological examination—he was meant for some kind of church, she did not know which. He studied hard, I suppose, or perhaps he just rested, but anyway he was very full of stories of the White Slave Traffic, so perhaps he was only a vegetarian and training for a Social Reformer. Being English and good and young I suppose he did not know much about the Brasserie Pierre or those who frequent it, and he used to go in there and have cups of coffee and

THE NEW SEX

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read good books until all the regular frequenters were outrageously interested in him, wondering what kind of curious creature he could be. At last one of the ladies spoke to him. I daresay she called him "mon chéri," or "mon chou," or something like that, but his French was as poor as might be expected, and I suppose he did not understand. At any rate he replied, and they became quite friendly, and in the course of three or four days he had acquired quite a little circle of acquaintances. In a short time they began to find out the subjects that interested him and they began to tell him about the White Slave Traffic. I don't know whether the original lady wanted a trip abroad, or whether it was all part of some scheme for relieving him of superfluous cash, but at least she gave him to understand that she was herself in durance vile, and only waiting for some Sir Galahad to come and rescue her. He must have rather fancied himself in the part, because he threw himself into it with enthusiasm, and in a very short time the whole of Rouen—or of that section of it that sups at the Café of the Snail at four o'clock in the morning—got to know of it, and displayed equal enthusiasm.

Now, although a great many English people will not believe it, there are in Rouen quite a number of cranks who consider it their mission in life to interfere with other people's morals. And one of the most prominent of these worthies is—or was, for of course this story relates to a period many centuries old — a certain M. Dutel. M. Dutel was not, I gather, the Mayor of Rouen, but he was something quite as powerful and, being not political, rather more respected. And he used his powers, such as they were, to harry, disturb and otherwise persecute the ladies and gentlemen—but especially the ladies—who like having supper at the Café of the Snail at four o'clock in the morning. You may have heard that they order these things otherwise in France, but a prominent person, especially if he be very rich—and M. Dutel was a leading manufacturer of cotton goods with considerable influence at the Préféture—can make himself quite a considerable nuisance in Rouen—or anywhere else, as we in England ought to know. He had a daughter, had M. Dutel, as you shall hear—an elderly, ugly daughter, no less interested than was her father in other people's morals.

I am inclined to think there must have been English blood in Mademoiselle Dutel's ancestry; as the story was told me she behaved so exactly as would a good Christian English gentlewoman under the same circumstances. But that is sheer surmise. At least, in a lucky —or unlucky—hour, she advanced from the general to the particular. She did something, that is to say, that earned her the particular dislike of the particular lady friend of the particular lady who told me the story. I could tell you what it was, but it affects the moral characters of a Sous-Préfet and a Colonel of Engineers in retreat, and several other very respectable people, and it would only interest you if you were a Rouennaise yourself and inclined to scandal. Only remember that Mademoiselle Dutel made a personal enemy, because that is really important.

Having quite made up his mind that Providence called upon him to be a Sir Galahad, Mr. Smeet, as I gather was his name, set manfully to work. *Imprimis*, as became a good young Englishman with religious leanings, he wrote to his mother and told her all about it. She must have been even sillier than the average run of mothers of good young Englishmen, for she promptly sent him all the money she could lay hands upon, and her blessing and her promise to receive and succour the escaped prisoner. Also she sent him a number of cuttings from the halfpenny Press of the day, containing full and particular accounts of how White Slave Traders drug prepossessing young ladies in cinema theatres, and suggested that possibly his young friend might have suffered similarly, and what an awful warning it ought to be to us all not to frequent such places. She sent a nice white, woolly shawl too, with strings—I think it must have been the sort of thing they used to call a "spencer"—for the young lady to wear during the crossing.

If you or I wanted to carry off a young lady from durance vile or elsewhere we should probably take her in a taxi to the railway station —supposing she were willing, that is to say—and take tickets for wherever we wanted to go, and just go. Mr. Smeet did not attempt anything so simple. For one thing he had read a great deal about the unscrupulous ferocity of the White Slave Traders. His friends at the Brasserie Pierre—and especially the particular lady friend of my friend—told him more, I understand; made it quite clear to him, in fact, that the Nefarious Villains would think nothing of wrecking the Dieppe-Newhaven express to prevent the escape of one of their victims, and having re-secured her and her would-be rescuer, of there and then boiling them alive in the boiler of the disgruntled locomotive. So Mr. Smeet, acting upon their friendly advice, preferred a motor for the evasion, and produced the money necessary to hire one accordingly. Also, still acting under advice, he decided that he would not himself assist at the preliminaries, lest the Traders should get wind of the affair and knock him on the head beforehand. So he was to go, the preceding afternoon, to Caudebec, which is on the way to Havre, in the character of a simple tourist—it was winter time, but the English are notoriously eccentric—and there await his charge.

He was very nervous, I am given to understand, and cried a little at saying farewell to the company of friends who saw him off at the station, but he behaved like a real Sir Galahad, and was at his appointed post, the second kilometre stone on the Rouen side of Caudebec precisely at the hour appointed. It was nine at night, and very cold, and the motor was late, but he stuck to it manfully, and at last after half-an-hour or so, it made its appearance, coming very fast, and pulling up amid a very shower of sparks. Having verified the number—for he was a young man of careful habits, he mounted beside the driver, and they set out again Havre-wards. This was really very heroic of him, because it was quite horribly cold, and he had no great bearskin coat, as had the driver. But he felt that the very peculiar circumstances demanded the greatest delicacy—and I think, perhaps, he was also inclined to feel that conversation, under such circumstances, with the lady inside, might prove embarrassing. He did try to speak to the driver several times, but the man was very taciturn, replying only by unintelligible grunts, and they were going so very fast, presumably to make up for lost time, that he had to save all his breath for prayers and hanging on to his precarious seat.

(*Continued on page 216*)

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(*Continued from page 214*)

They reached the boat just ten minutes before the time of starting, and there the driver showed, as Mr. Smeet approvingly remarked, that, if taciturn, he had at least a heart. He it was who, when they stopped opposite the passenger gangway, thrust his shaggy arm into the dark interior, jerked out the lady, almost as though she had been a doll, conducted her down the gangway, half supporting her, to the ladies' cabin, and returning, without more words, mounted to his seat and drove rapidly away. Mr. Smeet having anxiously watched the gangway until the boat started, lest an avalanche of murderers should suddenly precipitate themselves upon him, made his way to his own berth, and there sought such repose as his own inconstant stomach, combined with the somewhat jerky motion of the boat, would permit.

He was tired and queasy when the steward roused him with the information that they would arrive in ten minutes, but that did not prevent him making such provision as was possible for the comfort of his charge. With proper chivalry he had engaged a private cabin for her, by telegram from Caudebec, although the cost struck him as excessive—and he was in waiting before the door when at last the moment came for her appearance.

It was not the lady he was expecting. It was quite another lady, at least fifteen years older, by her appearance, not at all good-looking, very far from being grateful. It was, in fact, the daughter, the elderly, only daughter, of M. Dutel, though that he did not, of course, know. So far was she from being pleased that at the first sight of him she broke into loud and angry cries, accusing him, in the face of the assembled crew and passengers, of having drugged, robbed, and violently abducted her, of being, in fact, the very worst kind of White Slave Trader. She had been engaged upon an errand of charity, she explained, as well as her tears and screams would admit, in a poor street in the Isle St. Louis, and as she came out of the house in the dark she mistook her car, or was purposely guided into one resembling it, and there someone chloroformed her, and after that she knew no more.

There was the devil and all of a to do, you may be sure. You may imagine, also, what the papers had to say about it, on both sides of the Channel, and how innumerable societies of all kinds assisted to spread the news of the latest contrivance of the wicked White Slave Traders, and what a very bad time poor Mr. Smeet had, and what a very sad fate would have awaited him at the hands of the outraged law if his previously irreproachable character had not been testified to by the Principals of many Theological Colleges and if Mademoiselle Dutel herself had not in the end taken pity upon him and appealed for mercy. All the same, his prospects of entering the ministry were, as you may believe, finished for ever, and all his really nice friends cut him for good—for, as they very truly put it, he was scarcely the sort of person for their wives and daughters to associate with, and his worldly prospects were, in fact, totally destroyed.

. . . . .

There seemed to me something very pathetic about this story; and the fact that the lady who told it to me and her friends seemed to regard it as a joke decided me that they were not really nice people. My friend Elderson chanced to wake up just then, so I took him back to the hotel without waiting to hear more. It so happened, however, that we met the lady again, the next afternoon, when we were looking into a picture-postcard shop in the Rue Jean d'Arc for mementoes which Elderson might safely take back to his wife and children, and Warrington. She came up to me with something like real excitement in her manner. She had a friend with her, whom I did not for the moment recognise.

"Quick, my cabbage," she cried. "You have not forgotten what I told you. The big, red automobile standing there, opposite the Grande Poste. You will see——"

Even as she spoke a young man dressed in the sad hues of the *bourgeoisie* and very meek of eye, as one who has seen trouble, came out of the Post Office, under guard of a stern-faced lady several years his senior. They entered the car, and drove away at speed.

"That, cherished one," said the lady excitedly, "is the Mr. Smeet of whom I told you. Incredible coincidence, for they live now at Crêveton, an hour from Rouen. They do not come here—not once in the year."

"Naturally," said her friend, who was tall and stout, and not at all lady-like. "The story is not yet forgotten."

"They are married, as you see. It was the one thing left for him. And for her."

The stout lady laughed unkindly. "It was said that she had gone to the house on the Isle Saint Louis to meet a friend there—a certain officer of the garrison, Captain ——"

"But—why should that be said? And how was it that she came in the car at all?"

"It was, in a way, true. She went there, certainly, to meet the Major. She went to spy upon him, having received only that morning an anonymous letter that he was there to meet a certain lady. You understand."

"She did not love the other lady at all," interpolated my first informant, "so she went—as the writer of the letter had wished—and waited there in the house.

"Meanwhile her chauffeur waited also, at the corner of the next street. And, as she was long in coming, he allowed himself to be drawn into a wineshop that was near. There he drank—who can say what he drank? As for Mademoiselle, she waited long—but the Captain did not come, nor the lady, her friend. It seemed that they must have been warned in time. At last she gave up her—her work of charity, and returned to her car. It was where she had left it. A—someone was inside before her, but that she could not see in the darkness of the evening. That someone—yes, Fifine, it is true that my arms are very strong, but what has that to do with it?—someone held the handkerchief over her face, with chloroform, until she ceased struggling. Mr. Smeet had himself given that someone the idea, with his absurd tales of the Traité Blanche. In five minutes she was on her way to Havre."

"But—did she not come to her senses before——?"

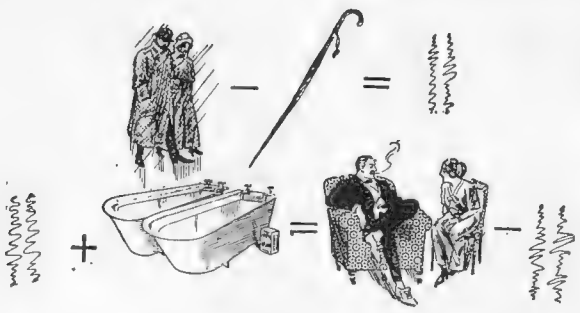
"The chauffeur saw to that. It needed only two doses."

"Do I understand," said Elderson, who really understood nothing, but what I had found time to tell him, "that the lady is now Mrs. Smeet?"

"Say rather that he is the husband of Madame Smeet," said the stout lady.

And after that, as we had a train to catch, we came away.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER



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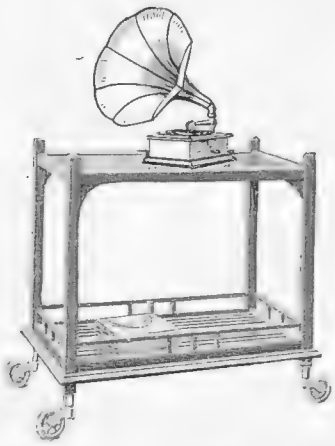

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The Bystander

SPORTING COMMENTS

ICE HOCKEY AT CHAMONIX: ENGLAND SCORES A GOAL AGAINST FRANCE

The increasing popularity of ice hockey is one of the features of the winter sports season in Switzerland. The game is the same as that played at Prince's, but, the rink being larger, there are as many as eight players on each side. The match above illustrated was won by the English team

O! si Praeteritos ——!

THE *Te Deum* on the healing of "the split" in Association football is already being sung. Better times, we may hope, are now in store for "Soccer." But just think to what an extent that precious "Split" has put back the hands of the clock! Nor will it be possible to revert all at once to the palmy days when a match between a leading amateur and a leading "pro." team was worth a dozen of the League and Cup-tie shows of to-day. All the leading amateur teams and especially the Varsities have suffered acutely from lack of opponents of sufficient strength, and will take some time to regain their sea legs, so to speak.

***

The Mystery of the "Shamrock"

When Sir Thomas Lipton challenges for the America Cup — an event which, in view of repeated failures, occurs with sufficient frequency to justify us in hailing him as one of bull-dog breed—it is apparently part of the game that the design of the challenger, the youngest for the time being of the numerous family of *Shamrock*, must be "wropped in mystery" and the details of her construction only be allowed to leak out in a manner best calculated to keep a laudably inquisitive public on the hop. I have yet to learn that as far as the actual lifting of the Cup is concerned any useful purpose is served by this secrecy, but, of course, it has its merits.

***

A Possible Record

The latest rumour with regard to the youngest scion of the noble race of *Shamrock* is that she is to be a centre-board boat. If this rumour is true she will create a sort of a record, even if she loses, for she will be the first centre-boarder that has ever challenged for the Cup and the first centre-boarder that has competed, either as challenger or defender, since 1893. In England the use of the centre-board, principally because of the way in which it curtails cabin accommodation, has practically been confined to the smaller yachts, and although in America it has been used on boats of all sizes, the Americans seem latterly to have come round to our way of thinking. At any rate,

Photograph *Sport and General*

ANOTHER CASE OF "COME OVER HERE!"

P. J. Baker, the famous Cambridge University athlete, who won the half-mile against Oxford in 1910, '11, and '12, and the half-mile in 1909 and '11, and represented England in the last Olympic Games, has been appointed Vice-Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford

Vigilant, which defeated Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie II.* in 1893, was the last defender with a centre-board. So that the news that *Shamrock IV.* is to have one, if true, is distinctly startling.

***

A Comedy of Errors

The squabble over the Professional Sculling Championship of the World is turned into a comedy of errors by the very seriousness with which the parties to it are (perhaps of necessity) compelled to face the situation. One is irresistibly reminded of the tactics of the law courts. We all know, or think we know, that Ernest Barry is the world's professional champion, and we are rather proud of him, because he happens to belong to our degenerate English race. But according to one view he is no longer champion.

***

How We Row on Paper

It appears that in July last £100 was "deposited" by a backer of James Paddon, of Australia, against Barry for the World's Championship. This sum was originally lodged with the Sydney *Referee*, and it was not until November that it was cabled by the editor of the Sydney *Referee* to the *Sportsman* here in London. In the meantime, that is to say in October, William Albany challenged Barry, and Barry, curiously enough, declined his challenge not on the ground of a prior engagement, but because the stakes were not high enough. Albany challenged for a £200 race, and, as the lawyers say, there is authority, apparently, for a challenge of this kind. Barry, however, wanted to row for £500 on the ground that that had always been his figure when sculling for the Championship.

Challenge and Super-Challenge

Albany stuck to his point, and announced that unless Barry took up his challenge by January 23 he would claim the Championship. January 23 has duly arrived, and Albany—again as the lawyers would say—has signed judgment in default of appearance. In other words he (or his party on his behalf) has assumed the title of champion. The Barry party, on the other hand, contend that when he and Albany were haggling over the stake question they were "under a misapprehension," because all the time there was a prior challenge—Paddon's—in existence. The *Sportsman* supports this contention, and the *Sportsman*, one may assume, ought to know. But what about the other side? People who claim championships by default usually have something to go upon. Altogether a very pretty situation!

victory over Yorkshire by 11 points to 8, a result which will have the effect of "prolonging the agony," since Yorkshire, having beaten Durham, Northumberland, Lancashire, and Cheshire, had only to draw with Cumberland in order to qualify for the final against the winning team of the South. But as things stand now it is possible both for Durham, who have won three matches, and have one to play, and Cheshire, who have won two with two to play, to tie with the Tykes, and make a play-off necessary. The match was played in rain and a fairly high wind, and each side got eight points when playing with the wind, but Cumberland, in addition, managed to score once against it.

***

Hockey: North v. South

Hockey, owing to the fact that collaring and charging do not enter into the game, enjoys the

NORTH v. SOUTH: M. L. POOL, THE NORTHERN GOALKEEPER, KICKS OUT A HOT SHOT BY THE SOUTH

On the Beckenham Cricket Ground on Saturday last, this Inter-Divisional hockey match was won after a very tight game by the South by 4 goals to 3 after the North had gained a 2—0 lead in the first fifteen minutes

Last Saturday's "Rugger"

Owing to the frost there was practically no Rugby football in the London District on Saturday, but in the provinces play was possible on a fair number of grounds. One of these was Cardiff Arms Park, where Blackheath and Cardiff managed to bring off their return match. At Blackheath before Christmas the "Club" were the winners, but as Welsh teams take about twice as much beating on their own grounds as they do elsewhere, no one would have been surprised if Cardiff had turned the tables on Saturday. However, Blackheath gave further proof of their greatness by winning, after a fine game, by two tries to one. The two Internationals, J. H. D. Watson at three-quarter and C. H. Pillman (forward), were in great form; Watson scored the "Club's" first try, and was mainly instrumental in enabling Pillman to score the second.

***

A Set-Back for Yorkshire

At Carlisle, in the Northern Division of the Rugby County Championship, Cumberland gained a surprise advantage of being playable on grounds where football would be ruled out by frost, and on Saturday in the Inter-Divisional match, North *v.* South, on the Beckenham Cricket Ground, the play reached a high standard of excellence, although a partial thaw had rendered the hard surface very slippery. The South won, but it was a much nearer thing (4-3) than was anticipated, for the North were the quicker to settle down, and had scored twice at the end of the first fifteen minutes. The South, however, pulled themselves together, and, thanks mainly to the superior play of their half-backs, they had drawn level by half-time. Afterwards their attack improved still further, and they put on two more goals, but towards the close the North rallied finely, and were, perhaps, unlucky in only scoring once more.

H. S. S.

GOLF

Foursome v. Four-Ball

Recently the opinions of various golfers, eminent and otherwise, were invited on the respective merits of the foursome and the four-ball match. Almost to a man those invited to express their opinion gave one in favour of the foursome. Now, in a great many cases this may have been an example of "*meliora probo, deteriora sequor.*" For I have no doubt that many of those who expressed their opinions in favour of the foursome play more four-ball matches than matches of the older and more legitimate variety. The reasons for this behaviour are not far to seek. There is much less strain in the four-ball game than in the foursome. I need not detail the reasons, for they are too obvious and too well known to golfers to require enumeration. I am not now considering the question whether the four-baller is more or less amusing and pleasurable than the foursome. I want to consider and drive home to my readers the effect on a young player's game of a prolonged course of four-ball matches.

***

A Bad Effect

I have a profound conviction that the effect is extremely bad. I believe that one of the main reasons why the younger generation has not thrown up players like Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Laidlay, and Mr. Hutchinson is the vogue of four-ball matches, which were unknown in the days when those great players were perfecting their game and winning their laurels. The argument may be brought against me that the young generation of Americans are even more addicted to the four-ball game than our young amateurs. But the young American, apart from the fact that he plays even a friendly four-baller in a spirit of grim determination unknown to our men, has a great corrective in the immense number of scoring competitions in which he competes, and which keep him on the stretch.

***

The Need for a Corrective

But our amateurs are not fond of the scoring game, and only go in for it on rare occasions. I do not blame them for this, I merely state the fact. Personally, I hold the match-play form of the game in infinitely higher estimation than the other, and think it a much better test of a player's powers, both mental and physical. Therefore in the case of our young players there is hardly any corrective, such as the Americans have, of the loose and slap-dash methods engendered by the four-ball match. One good player, Mr. Mossop, has written in defence of the four-ball game, but, in effect, what he says only amounts to a statement that it is more amusing than the foursome. He instances the playing of four-ball matches by players in practice for the Amateur Championship. This habit is easily accounted for. Players don't want too strenuous matches just prior to the severe ordeal of the Amateur Championship, and they also want to play their own ball as practice over the course, so they avoid the foursome and the single.

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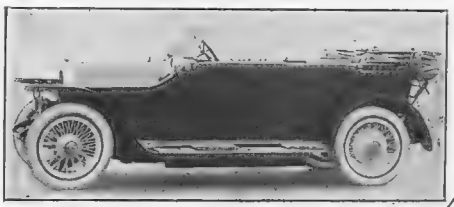

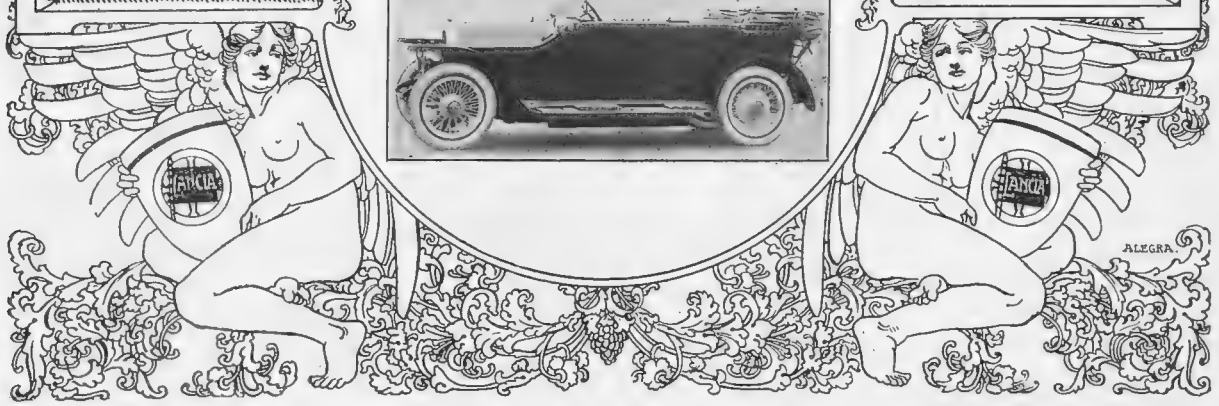

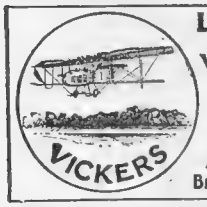

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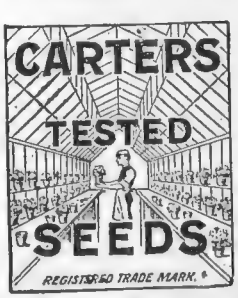

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THE BYSTANDER AMONG . . . THE BOOKS . . .

By RALPH STRAUS

The Mollusc

Most men are molluscs by nature. There may be a wild oat sown here and there which necessitates a temporarily irregular programme, but sooner or later he settles down, deep in his lines, to sell stocks and shares, to act on the stage, to manage an estate, or to pile bricks upon bricks until a house be built. Sometimes, however, one of those moral earthquakes happen along, and then the fun begins. The man has a fortune left him, or he divorces his wife, or breaks his leg, or does something unusual of that kind. And then what is going to happen to him?

"Old Mole"

It is Mr. Gilbert Cannan's pleasure in his new novel, *Old Mole* (Secker: 6*s.*), to tell us of one H. J. Beenham, who for about a quarter of a century has been an assistant master at a north country grammar school. You can guess the existence of such a man—a bachelor of respectable hobbies, with respectable friends, a man who on his retirement fifteen years hence will, no doubt, be presented with some beautifully bound books and a cheque, subscribed for by his grateful and admiring pupils. Very naturally he is called Old Mole. But there happens one of those unexpected affairs which defy rules and regulations and molluscan characteristics. Old Mole sees a girl crying in his railway compartment, and his sympathy is aroused. Perhaps he holds her hands rather tighter than is necessary, perhaps he is a little uncouth . . . but there is a complaint, and an officious eye-witness, and arrest. The thing is ludicrous, but there it is. You know what people are on these occasions. Poor Old Mole has to go.

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MR. GILBERT CANNAN

Whose latest novel, "Old Mole" (Secker: 6s.), is reviewed on this page

A Fine Book

He goes, and there begins a strange vagabondage, which leads to a travelling theatre, and love for the very girl who caused all the trouble. The truth of the train-incident comes out, and Old Mole is free to go back if he wants; but he does not want. He educates the girl, and—marries her. Further strange adventures befall him. He becomes famous in the literary and theatrical world, his wife's features are transferred to the picture-postcards, and he is perfectly happy. But there is an old pupil of his, of the name of Panoukian, and Panoukian and the wife fall in love. It is in the final chapters of this singularly entertaining book that Mr. Cannan stands out definitely as a writer determined to convince, not by conventional methods, but upon lines of his own. What Old Mole does when he discovers the truth is what you want him to do, yet I doubt whether many readers will guess what it is. Some people, perhaps, will regret Mr. Cannan's discursive habits, but his first chapter is one of the most exciting of all first chapters, and Old Mole is a character whom one is very glad to know. The appearance of *Old Mole* in the first few days of the year is a happy augury.

Austin Spare's New Drawings

Those who are familiar with Mr. Austin Spare's drawings will be eager to obtain his new volume, *The Book of Pleasure* (Co-operative Printing Society: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). Its illustrations, if beyond the ordinary philistinic understanding, are truly remarkable creations. As to the text—well, that, too, is beyond the ordinary mind. *The Book of Pleasure* is not suitable for a school prize, but, then, nobody has so far suggested that it should be used for that purpose. Austin Spare's pencil, however, is so extraordinary that one may excuse the vagaries of his pen.

"Modernities"

Modernities (Kegan Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the admirable title chosen by Mr. H. B. Samuel for his first collection of essays. Stendhal, Heine, and Disraeli do not actually belong to the twentieth century, but it is no more than fair to include them in a list of the moderns. Mr. Samuel's pen is terrific at moments, but he has a happy knack of alighting upon essentials. His Strindberg essay in particular is charmingly complete. Some people will disagree with his estimate of Marinetti and the Futurists, but all must welcome a serious volume of essays which has the effrontery to sandwich in "The Weltanschauung of Miss Marie Corelli" between appreciations of Strindberg and Wedekind. It is impossible to stop chuckling as you read of poor Miss Corelli's little literary ways. The Corelli essay, by the way, is the only one of the collection which has not been published in one or other of the reviews. I don't wonder at it.

"The New Man"

Let me recommend Mr. Philip Gibbs's *The New Man* (Pitman: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), a portrait-study, as he tells us on the title-page, of the latest type. (The New Woman, you see, is not to have it all her own way.) Mr. Gibbs is well qualified to talk about the modern young Englishman. In the course of his wanderings he has met him in every class and condition. Now he has, what every journalist should have, an almost uncanny insight into men's motives and actions. As a result this portrait-study is quite brilliant and quite unpleasantly true.

RALPH STRAUS

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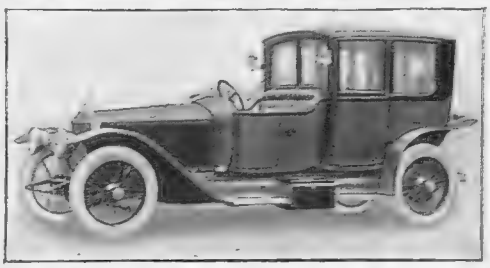

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RACING: Final Meetings at Nice. By CARBINE

Successful Wind-Up

In good time for the gayest festivities of the Riviera season the weather has improved delightfully on the Mediterranean coast since my last notes. The two final days' racing at Nice were enjoyed under charming conditions. It was a pity that M. Viel-Picard took umbrage at the disqualification of one of his horses, showing his disapproval by scratching his horses for all their remaining engagements at Nice. This caused plenty of gossip among the racing fraternity. If the owner in question imagined that his rather childish action would spoil the last two days' sport at Nice he was greviously mistaken, as the racing was quite good on both occasions. No unbiassed onlooker imagined that the stewards did less than their duty in disqualifying M. Viel-Picard's horse.

The Pari-Mutuel

M. Lienart was the lucky man of the Nice meetings. Not only did he win the big Prix du Monte Carlo of 40,000 francs with Ma Love, but he carried off the Prix du Ville de Nice of 250,000 francs a week later with Scoff II., who started at quite a good price. It is a matter of extreme difficulty to spot a winner at these meetings at anything like decent odds, and sundry big English backers who were present seemed to be quite at sea with the Pari-Mutuel. I saw one leading bookmaker, to whom in England £1,000 would not be a vast bet, hesitating almost painfully as to whether he should invest ten or twenty louis on a horse who had been given to him as "good." Eventually he risked the smaller amount. A curious feature of Pari-Mutuel betting is that a winner will occasionally bring in less for a win than if you had backed him for a place. This was actually the case with one of Mr. J. Hennessy's horses on the last day of the Nice meetings.

Spring Handicaps

Before the end of the present week the weights for the chief Spring Handicaps will be published. I can foresee that the Lincolnshire Handicap will be a good betting race. There are in this event a lot of horses whose chances were freely discussed long before the entries appeared, and it will be strange if the race does not provoke more than average interest. Do not forget, by the way, that the "Lincoln" is to be run on the third day of the meeting, and not on the second, as usual. A horse whose weight I shall look for with special interest is Bonbon Rose. He ran remarkably well in the Cambridgeshire, and then made a good effort over rather more than his proper distance two days later. Bonbon Rose was implicated in some "doping" trouble in France, where, I have reason to know, he was a really smart performer. The Lincoln mile should be just about his right distance, and I do not think it will be difficult to train him for a race early in the season. Indeed, it is quite on the cards that two French horses, Bonbon Rose and Lutteur III, will make a formidable double for the Lincoln and the Grand National.

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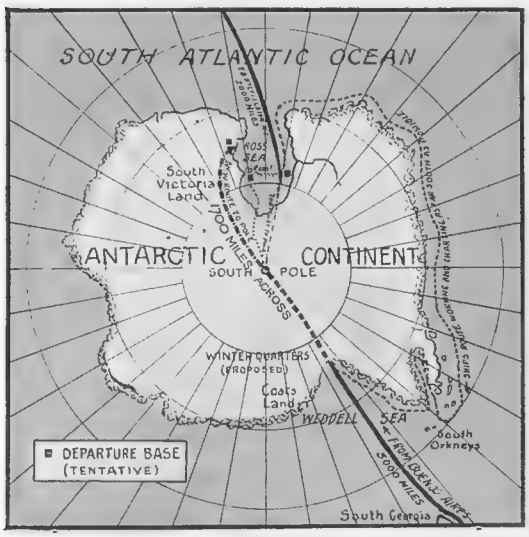

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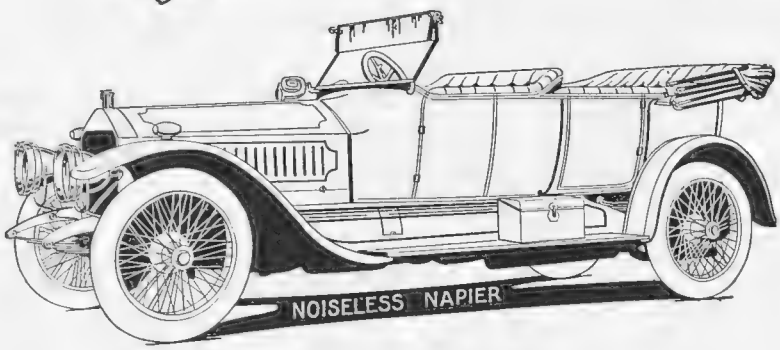

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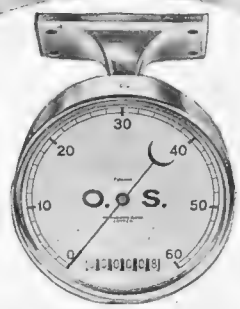

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The well-known Member for the Bordesley Division of Birmingham, who recently signified his intention of following Mr. Chamberlain into retirement at the next General Election, is here seen with his wife outside the offices of the Daimler Company after inspecting his new 15 h.p. Daimler Limousine then in course of construction

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Note of Protest

Touching shows once again. Although no manufacturer, and concerned in no material sense with manufacturing interests, I may admit much sympathy with the letter sent me by the Hans Motor Company, which is the company responsible in this country for the Miesse cars. The letter is in protest against all motor shows outside Olympia. It would have none of Manchester, which is gone, nor of Edinburgh, which is now with Scotland, and will be over and done by Saturday next. You would think, of course, that the whole difficulty is solved for any particular firm by that firm's abstention from unrequired shows; but it is not so easy as that in the case of firms which must suffer some loss if they do not appear in company of their fellows at all the exhibitions which any considerable number of their fellows rightly or wrongly chose to hold. In the case of companies like the Hans, running cars of the qualitative standing and reputation of the Miesse, or the case of the Delaunay-Belleville Company, which is joined in the protest against provincial shows, the position is not so unhappy, because these cars are strong enough to need no such questionable incentive to trade as a provincial show; but in the case of less fortunately placed vehicles, every possible opportunity has to be taken. They are somewhat between the devil and the deep sea. If they don't exhibit they may lose an opportunity of selling a car or two, or that certain measure of publicity which appearance at a show presumably connotes. If they *do* exhibit they are up against a very likely loss resulting from dislocation of their business caused by, and the considerable expenses of, exhibiting. Moreover, the local agent would not like abstention, and the local agent's will is as the will of the most high.

EN ROUTE FOR SOUTHAMPTON

Mrs. Hartley Smith and party in her 11 h.p. Humber car by King Alfred's Statue, Winchester, during a trip to the South of England

Working Their Own Salvation

I'm afraid we cannot help at all. It is not a consumers' affair. They must work out their own salvation; and I think it must finally resolve itself into big Olympia, plus an infinite number of little shows, or side-shows to other shows, where the local agent may see an opportunity of putting his cars on view for the temptation of the incipient buyer. The only interest of

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the buying public is in the self-evident fact that, if shows are valuable at all, it is absurd to rob Peter, the provincial motorist, of a show while paying Paul, the metropolitan motorist, or, in the alternative, forcing the former to come from Wick, or Land's End, or Kerry to the haunts of old Cockaigne in order to see a collection of new vehicles which the London man may see at his door. However, to be perfectly frank, I do not think motorists generally would shed many salt or bitter tears if there were no motor shows at all, and I do not suppose there would be any falling off in annual car consumption. We

A TWO-SEATER TALBOT

Of the very latest 1914 design. The car shown is one of 15-20 h.p.

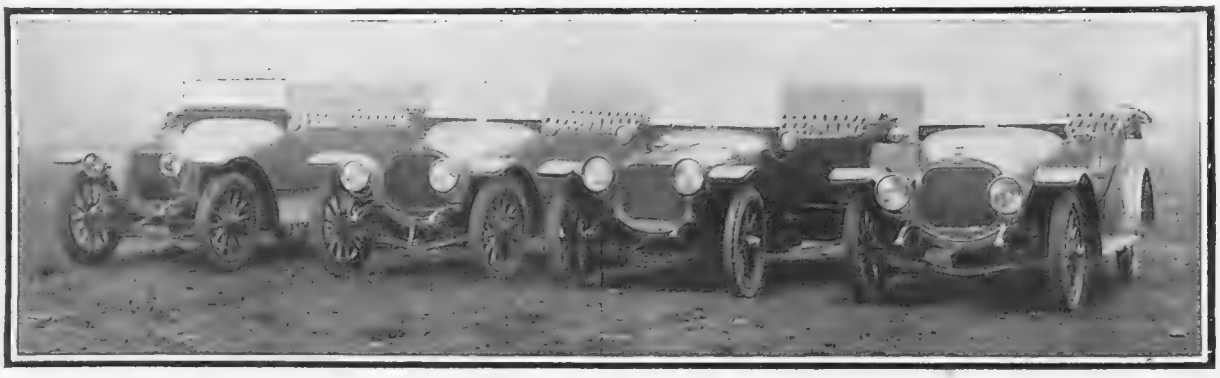
are past that stage, and in the stage where the car is a common necessity. How the manufacturer or agent utilises his opportunities to get away with the trade so existing is *his* problem, not ours. He must take opportunity by the tail where he can get the best grip. Meanwhile, I have it on quite reliable authority that so far as the Society of Motor Manufacturers is concerned, there will be no motor show in Manchester next year.

A Long-Drawn Case

The long-drawn case brought by the Australian Customs against various defendants, has collapsed. Mr. A. H. Bodkin, who appeared for defendants, flogged a method of prosecution determined on in May, 1912, and absolutely unheard of until June, 1913, for the reason, it was affirmed, that the Director of Public Prosecutions would not have anything whatever to do with it. Certainly it was a matter where, if fraud by specially worked invoices could be proven, the shippers and any motor-car manufacturers involved, should rigorously have been dealt with as robbers of the public purse. However unfair some national methods of import taxations may be, it is not within the province of any individual to attempt a smuggling act. It is his duty to conform to the conditions imposed. If they are injurious to the State concerned that is the State's affair. In this instance, however, it seems to have amounted to no more than excess of zeal on the part of the Commonwealth officials, who for three years, according to Mr. Bodkin, lay in wait for the chance of capture. The magistrate, in dismissing the case, included in his remarks a well-merited compliment to the two principal witnesses, Messrs. Neale and Frank Shorland, the latter the general manager of the Clement-Talbot Company. Under the ordeal of an exceedingly lengthy examination—days of it—Frank Shorland acquitted himself as we expected Frank Shorland to acquit himself; and whoever may not emerge from the case with laurels can blame Mr. Shorland, who nearly effected a kind of corner in them. But, then, both Talbot cars and their general manager are given to the acquisition of laurels. Congratulations upon this legal bunch.

The greatest testimony to the efficiency of the KLAXON as a warning signal, is that over sixty car manufacturers have adopted it as part of their standard equipment.—THE KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, London, W.

ZIP.—A perfect puncture healer, guaranteed to cure punctures. Your money returned if Zip does not fulfil the functions of an ideal puncture stop.—Write or call on H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.



READY FOR CANADA

Two 12-16 h.p. Sunbeam cars and two 16-20 h.p. cars of the same make waiting to be "shipped" to Toronto for the Motor Show there

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 530.—Vol. XLI. Wednesday, January 28, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

By order of the Executors of C. E. Russell, Esq., deceased

EASY REACH OF GOLF AND RIVER.

"ST. SUNNIVA," LOVELACE ROAD, SURBITON.—IN A SECLUDED AND PLEASANT POSITION. Double carriage sweep; 8 bed and dressing rooms 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, ample domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER.

Extensive and beautiful gardens, tennis and croquet lawn.

To be SOLD by AUCTION at The Mart, E.C. February 25 next (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors, Messrs. HOWARD and SHELTON, Lincoln House, Fore Street, Moorgate, E.C. Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

MUST BE DISPOSED OF WITHOUT DELAY.

CHANNEL ISLANDS, ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY.

A NOBLE CASTELLATED MANSION.

200FT. UP.

DRY SOIL.

EXQUISITE MARINE AND LAND VIEWS.

MILD AND EQUABLE CLIMATE.

IMPORTANT FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

Mansion contains 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, 2 staircases, spacious halls, 4 reception rooms, ample offices.

THE GREAT MUSIC OR BALLROOM. STABLING FOR 3. COTTAGE FOR GARDENER. 600FT. OF VINERIES PRODUCING FIVE TONS OF GRAPES PER ANNUM.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF ABOUT THREE-AND-A-HALF ACRES.

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For SALE at a tempting figure, or would be LET, Furnished.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE is particularly well arranged, and rightly claims one of the finest positions on the coast.

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE IS INSTALLED.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. RADIATORS. TELEPHONE.

3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices, with servants' hall. Pretty grounds laid out in flower and other gardens extending to the sea. Croquet lawn, etc.—Personally known to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., from whom further details may be had.

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SUFFOLK (3 miles from a railway station, with good service of trains to London).—TO BE SOLD.

THIS OLD-FASHIONED RECTORY, with a long Georgian front. It commands fine views of the surrounding country, is approached by a carriage sweep with 2 entrance gates, and contains: oak-panelled hall (22ft. 6in. by 19ft.), dining room (22ft. 6in. long), finely oak-panelled, drawing room (20ft. by 15ft. 9in.), study (18ft. 6in. by 11ft. 6in.), morning room (21ft. by 13ft. 6in.), 10 bed and dressing rooms, 5 attics, bathroom, etc.; sandy and gravel soil; good water supply; stabling for 10-12 horses, double coach-house; the grounds include flower gardens, shrubberies, tennis and other lawns, fir plantation, and paddocks, in all about 13 acres. There is coarse fishing in small river adjoining grounds. Rough shooting in neighbourhood. The Property is for Sale subject to the approval of the Ecclesiastical authorities and Patron of the Benefice.—For further particulars and price apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (6,966)

BETWEEN CHICHESTER AND MIDHURST.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

WEST SUSSEX.—This picturesque RESIDENCE, situated in the midst of beautiful country. It contains: entrance hall, study or smoking room, dining room with alcove, drawing room, library and morning room, domestic offices; on the first floor, 6 principal bedrooms; in the servants' wing are 6 servants' bedrooms; on the second floor 5 attic bedrooms; new baths will be installed and other improvements made; stabling for 6, 2 coach-houses or garages, groom's rooms; farm buildings, 4 cottages; very extensive pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, shrubberies and meadowland, in all about 34 acres.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,290)

SUSSEX. TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR ONE YEAR.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE, situated about 400ft. above sea level, with fine views over the Surrey Hills. It contains: outer hall or smoking room, inner hall, boudoir, dining room, drawing room, 7 best bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 servants' rooms, small sitting room, billiard room, and offices; the House is oak beamed practically throughout; stabling for 3, garage; the gardens extend in all to about 7 acres, and include flower and kitchen gardens, meadow, copse, and pond with boat-house.—For further particulars apply to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 1,214)

TO BE SOLD, OR LET UNFURNISHED.

KENT.—This picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situated in a favourite part of the county, noted for its scenery, and commanding lovely views. It contains: lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, morning room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, usual offices; stabling for 3 and garage. The pleasure gardens and grounds, which are well timbered, extend to about 12½ acres. They are thoroughly matured and beautifully laid out, and include fruit and flower gardens, clumps of rhododendrons, vegetable garden, paddocks, etc.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,646)

SUSSEX COAST. BETWEEN EASTBOURNE AND BRIGHTON
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

THIS WELL SITUATED RESIDENCE, occupying a sheltered position with Southern aspect. It contains: entrance hall (partly oak panelled), 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 attics, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices; electric light, Company's water; the House is in excellent order throughout; stabling for 5, garage, men's rooms, etc.; grounds, including lawns, herbaceous borders, shrubbery, walled kitchen garden, rockeries and paddock, in all about 8 acres.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,417)

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

BUCKS (1 hour from London within 3 miles of railway station).—This extremely attractive and picturesque ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, well sheltered, on gravel subsoil. It is approached by a short carriage drive, and contains: entrance hall (28ft. by 14ft.), large dining and drawing rooms, ante-room, study and billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 6, coachhouse, motor house, 2 cottages, laundry, etc.; acetylene gas and central heating. The grounds extend to about 5 acres and include flower garden, 2 tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, lawn sloping to the river, boathouse, 2 glasshouses. Good golf links within 3 miles. Hunting.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20 Hanover Square, W. (6,992)

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN SURREY.

Adjoining a lovely common with golf links; about 4 miles from Guildford; under an hour from London.

FOR SALE, A

PERFECT OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE,

with enriched plaster-work ceilings and other charming features, situate in *a choice position 400ft. above sea level, on a Southern slope and sand soil*; 9 bed and dressing rooms, boudoir, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, galleried hall, complete domestic offices.

THE IDEAL AND BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

of nearly 5 acres are superbly timbered; there are tennis and croquet lawns, sunk rose garden, herbaceous borders, paved terrace, woodland walks, kitchen garden, etc.; garage, stabling; main water; heating by radiators; telephone.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and highly recommended.

WILTS.—1½ miles from SALISBURY.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.—A picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, surrounded by a moat; gravel soil and perfectly dry: 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ample offices, with servants' hall and housekeeper's room; stabling for 7, garage; 2 cottages.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

BEAUTIFUL PART OF SUSSEX.
ABOUT AN HOUR FROM LONDON.

GENUINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 50 ACRES.

TYPICAL DECORATIVE FEATURES

of the sixteenth century are included in this wonderful old House, and it contains about a dozen bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, noble hall, 3-4 reception rooms, etc. Whilst retaining its ancient features *every possible convenience has been cleverly installed.*—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

SURREY.—3 miles from a main line station. Absolutely rural position.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET, FURNISHED.

AN HISTORIC TUDOR HOUSE

With 16 acres of beautiful old-world grounds. 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms.

SEVERAL ROOMS FINELY PANELLED.

Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages.

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE OF ITS SIZE IN SURREY IN THE MARKET

SITUATE IN THE LOVELIEST PART OF THE COUNTY.

FOR SALE.

A PERFECT FREEHOLD PROPERTY

£5,750. £5,750.

of about 20 acres, practically surrounded by a famous Common, and comprising a really charming House approached by a long carriage drive through pine woods, heather, and bracken land, and containing: 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, suite of halls and reception rooms, good offices, etc.; stabling, garage, glasshouses, gardener's cottage.

IDEAL AND BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

intersected by streams, and laid out and maintained in a most perfect manner. Sand soil.—Inspected and highly recommended. Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, Wilson and Gray, 14, Mount St., London, W., and Yeovil.

SUSSEX.—Amidst the South Downs, 3 miles from the sea.

FOR SALE.

A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,

DATING FROM 1296.

PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.

Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, cloister, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 6 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Company's water, modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

DORSET.—In a delightful part midway between Wimborne and Dorchester. Within easy reach of the coast and first-class golf links.

FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE.

A GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE

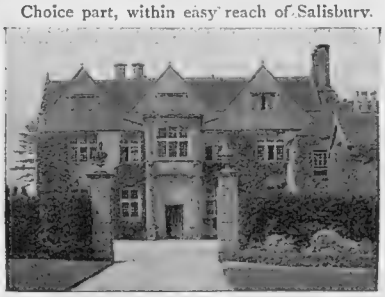
with all its characteristic features preserved yet in perfect order and with all modern requirements such as electric light, central heating and modern sanitation. **Great hall superbly panelled in old oak.** 4 fine reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices; stabling, garage; 3 cottages.

OLD WORLD GARDENS OF SINGULAR CHARM.

Forecourt, terraces, formal garden, bowling alley, rose garden, lime walk, walled kitchen garden, orchard and well timbered park.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil. Inspected and recommended.

WILTS.

Choice part, within easy reach of Salisbury.



TO BE LET, FURNISHED,

AN HISTORIC OLD MANOR HOUSE,

with beautiful gardens and park. The House is handsomely furnished and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms, 21 bed and dressing rooms, and complete offices; electric light, radiators; stabling, garage, etc.

2,000 ACRES SHOOTING. 3 MILES TROUT FISHING.

—Inspected and recommended by the Agents WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W., and Yeovil.

TO BE LET FURNISHED.

AN HISTORIC DEVONSHIRE SEAT standing in a finely timbered park and immediately surrounded by beautiful old gardens. 6 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath rooms, capital offices, stabling, garage, cottages.

SHOOTING OVER 2,000 ACRES

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THE ITALY OF ENGLAND IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

CORNISH RIVIERA (occupying a magnificent position with glorious coast views). BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE to be LET for 6 months or a year; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, bathroom; stabling or garage. DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES.—Further particulars of the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS Ltd., as above who, have personally inspected and can thoroughly recommend this delightful little Property (F. 12,150)

"THE FARM COTTAGE," BEACONSFIELD.—Beautiful old RESIDENCE, fitted electric light and radiators: 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, lounge and outer halls, well-equipped offices; stables and garage: singularly attractive GARDENS OF 4 ACRES, full-sized tennis lawn, and paddock. HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL by AUCTION in March next (unless previously disposed of by private treaty).

UPSET PRICE £2,000.

SURREY (25 minutes from London) 400ft. above the sea level. "Windmill House," Shirley, an attractive long Leasehold Residence.

STANDING IN LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 5 ACRES.

3 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling, motor-house; 2 cottages.—HARRODS (Ltd.), will sell the above by Auction on February 17 next.

AMIDST AN EQUABLE AND BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE. THE RIVIERA OF ENGLAND.

TORQUAY (occupying a delightful position, with Southern aspect commanding most lovely views of the whole of Torbay). BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE to be Let for the winter months or for a year; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception, bathroom. MODERATE RENT FOR THE WINTER to good tenants.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS, Ltd., as above. (F.11,871)

PRICE, £5,500.

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LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS, WITH UNIQUE ROCKS,

and land of 28 ACRES.—Recommended as a bargain by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE SOLD AT A MODERATE PRICE.

EAST ANGLIA (within a few miles of Newmarket).—A COMPACT RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 210 ACRES, with moderate-sized Mansion, of pleasing architecture: lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, bathrooms; excellent

STABLING FOR 25 HORSES; FARMERY,

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LOVELY, WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS

a special feature of the property, including LARGE FRENCH GARDEN WITH EVERY APPLIANCE, and from which an income of £600-£800 per annum can be made. Over £40,000 has been spent on the estate.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE £2,500 OR OFFER.

BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS.

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PRETTY GROUNDS OF 1½ ACRES.

Electric light, gas, Company's water. For SALE, PRIVATELY, or by AUCTION in February next by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY, Charming little HOUSE to LET, Unfurnished; 600 feet above sea level: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), electric light; usual offices; pretty garden ¾ acre; tennis lawn and kitchen garden. Rent £75. 12 minutes Caterham Station; near Parish and R.C. Church.—Apply, Miss C., Eveleigh, Caterham.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S COUNTRY.

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ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A FAVOURITE TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, an exceptionally well-appointed RESIDENCE, commanding lovely views, and having full Southern exposure, with verandahs. Saloon, drawing and dining rooms opening into each other by sliding doors, library, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases

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EXTREMELY WELL LAID-OUT GROUNDS,

with wide terraces and sloping lawns, capital tennis lawn (2 courts), productive kitchen gardens.—Box HS 57, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

ON HIGH GROUND.

COMMANDING FINE VIEWS.

RYE, SUSSEX.

FOR SALE, old-world COTTAGE, with delightful past day features, situate in an ideal position on the outskirts of a village, modernised and now in beautiful order throughout. 3 reception rooms, 7 or 10 bedrooms, complete domestic offices. 2 garages.

8 ACRES. PRICE ONLY £3,000.

—Box HS 56, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

ONLY £5,500 FREEHOLD.

AMIDST ALL THE GLORY OF THE CHILTERNS.

THIS BEAUTIFUL EARLY XVII CENTURY MANOR HOUSE with ¼ of a mile of best trout fishing, in home counties. Accommodation; large entrance staircase and garden halls, 3 large reception rooms, good offices, including servants' hall, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, hot cupboard, etc. Splendid stabling for 4 horses, etc., 2 cottages. grand old pleasure gardens including fine old lawns, old cut yew hedges, splendid specimen and ornamental timber, tennis and croquet, paddock, good kitchen garden. Only 30 miles from London. Illustrated particulars will shortly be published by the sole Agents, Messrs. COLLINS and COLLINS, 37, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

OVERLOOKING A GOLF COURSE.

A MANOR HOUSE.

STANDING HIGH ON SAND SOIL.

IN A MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER NEIGHBOURHOOD.

2 MILES FROM STATION.

HANTS AND BERKS.—Unfurnished or Furnished, a charming RESIDENCE, approached by long carriage drive. Hall (18ft. 6in. by 16ft.), drawing room (30ft. 6in. by 19ft.), dining room (34ft. by 21ft.), smoking room (21ft. 6in. by 14ft.), 11 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.). Excellent stabling; cottage; Company's water and gas.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, shrubberies, kitchen garden, paddock, in all about 5½ acres.

RENT ONLY £223 PER ANNUM.

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EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester.

A QUAINT COTTAGE WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

FITTED WITH LONG RANGE OF KENNELS.

WILTS (near Salisbury), containing 6 bedrooms, bath (h and c), 2 reception rooms, oak-timbered lounge hall. Inexpensive grounds 2½ acres; stabling and garage. The property is in perfect order throughout. Range of kennels including new set of Boulton and Paul's Kennels, with concrete floors, latest sanitary arrangements. For quick sale bargain price would be taken.—Apply, EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester, who have inspected and can thoroughly recommend. (6,242)

GENUINE FOURTEENTH CENTURY FARMHOUSE.

RECENTLY RENOVATED AND REDECORATED THROUGHOUT.

SUSSEX (beautiful East Grinstead district, 400ft. up).—A typical FARMHOUSE of this period, containing 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling and garage: 16 acres grassland. TO BE LET, Unfurnished or partially Furnished. Rent £250 per annum. For further particulars apply to EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester, who have inspected and can recommend.

FAVOURITE WESTERN COUNTY.

FINE OLD TUDOR MANOR, with estate of nearly 1,600 acres. 3 homesteads, 16 cottages.—Inspected and strongly recommended by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (5,588)

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TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

HUNTING WITH 4 PACKS. GOLF.

EVESHAM (near).—A picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, commanding views of the Cotswold and Malvern Hills; 4 large handsome reception rooms, bath, 11 bedrooms; beautiful pleasure grounds and well-timbered pastureland nearly

10 ACRES.

Excellent stabling for 5 horses, motor garage; 3 cottages, farmery; excellent water supply; gravel soil. Bargain price, £4,800; or would be Sold without the cottages, price £4,000. Photos.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

Only just in the Market.

Prettiest Place Imaginable.

AN IDEAL HOME FOR A CITY MAN.

20 MINUTES FROM TOWN ('midst lovely country).—This charming genuine sixteenth century RESIDENCE; much old oak; red-tiled roof; perfect order: hall, 3 reception, 7 or 8 bedrooms, bath; stabling, garage; dairy, farmery. ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE PLEASURE GROUNDS, abundant flowers, tennis lawns, fish pond, rabbit warren; picturesque reed-thatched summer-house, tomato house, vinery, etc.; also a fine rich meadow, in all 9 ACRES. PRICE, FREEHOLD, £2,760.—Excellent golf; shooting. Inspected and thoroughly recommended.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN IN SUSSEX.

£1,850 WILL PURCHASE a unique SIXTEENTH-CENTURY COUNTRY HOUSE in perfect repair; 5 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception, oak beams, chimney corners, etc., in a beautiful part of the country, commanding grand views and standing in its own grounds; orchard, pasture and woodland, in all 35 ACRES. Excellent stabling and buildings; motor garage. Hunting, golf, shooting, fishing.

IMMENSE SACRIFICE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

GUILDFORD (near).—A TRULY CHARMING ESTATE, which could not fail to appeal to the tastes of the most fastidious; lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 11 bedrooms.

EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS AND BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PARK, 21 ACRES,

including a PRETTY LAKE of 7 ACRES. Stabling, motor garage; 2 superior cottages; electric light, main water, telephone.

FREEHOLD £8,500.

—Inspected and strongly recommended.

HISTORICAL PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE. FULL OF OAK.

KENT ('midst lovely country between Ashford and Rye).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; in perfect order; beautiful old pleasure grounds; stabling; extensive massively constructed buildings; 4 cottages, and

233 ACRES OF RICH LAND.

Bargain, £7,000. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

VERY LOW PRICE FOR A QUICK SALE.

SUSSEX (1¼ hours from Town).—A handsome gabled RESIDENCE, in the old Sussex style, with oak beams, etc., standing high and commanding magnificent views: 8 bedrooms, bath, and 3 good reception rooms; beautiful pleasure grounds and well-timbered pasture land, in all

NEARLY 280 ACRES.

Bailiff's house, 3 cottages; extensive stabling, motor house; hunting, shooting. PRICE £8,750, or would be divided and sold with almost any quantity of land to suit purchaser.

ON THE SURREY HILLS. 500FT. UP ADJOINING GOLF LINKS. 30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

THE ABOVE DEPICTED PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE. — Lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, bath and 14 bed and dressing rooms, Company's water and gas, heated by radiators. LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS and well-timbered parklands. 15 OR 45 ACRES. Stabling for 11 horses, lodge, gardener's cottage, hunting. Price, £6,250.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

500FT. UP COMMANDING GRAND SEA AND LAND VIEWS.

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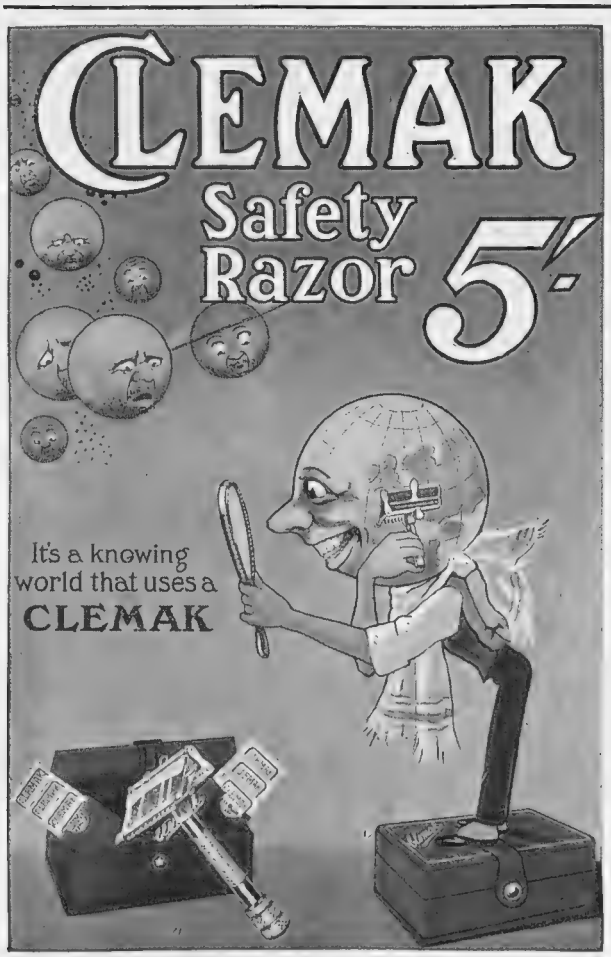

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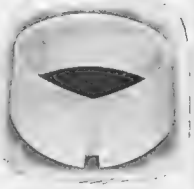

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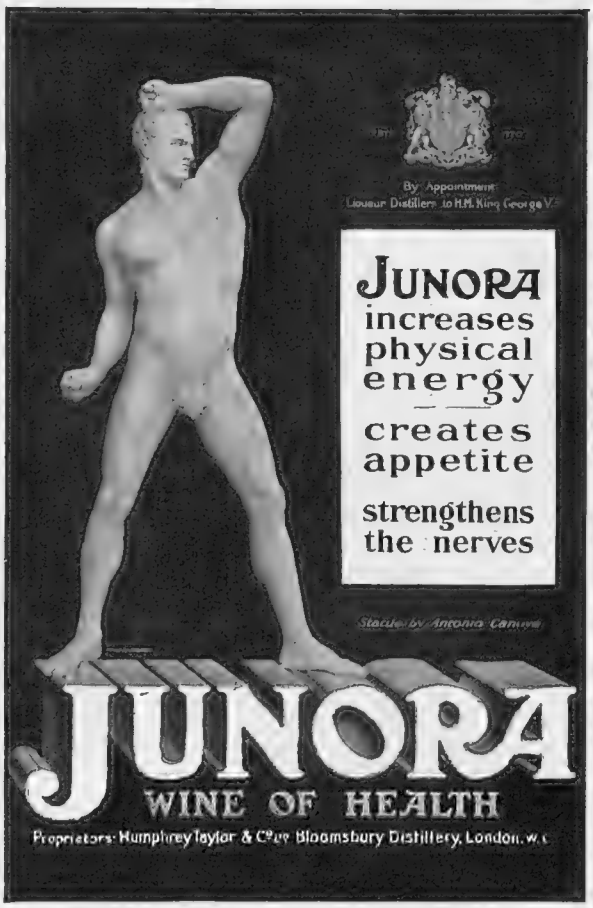

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GREENHOUSE.	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in	GARAGE.	ft. in ft. in ft in
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
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AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR RED & ROUGH HANDS.

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I want to place a copy of my book, ***"The Face Perfect,"*** *in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of your disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. Write to-day. I give all letters addressed to me my personal and strictly confidential attention.*

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E. & G. KIECHLÉ BROS.,
Vernet-les-Bains, (Pyr. Or.) France.

"Tempora Mutantur. . . ."

WE shall, we must, we will have a change. Everything points not merely to draped but to really full skirts, many recalling quite vividly Louis XV. and XVI. periods. At present the exaggerations are eccentric and truly appalling. But have no fear, these will not live, being corrected and toned-down by *couturières* who have some sense of what constitutes good *ligne*.

Scope in Skirts

As a matter of fact, bodices continue to be so fragile and incidental that it is skirts that provide by far the greatest scope for action. And there is no mistaking the growing influence of the above-mentioned periods. The draped pannier *mouvement* we know, though it will be reserved for the coming season to introduce the fancy for using contrasting materials for these, the lower half of the *jupe* being frequently carried out in a *plissé* transparency, which effects the clinging line about the feet, that still prevails. At the same time, there is considerable significance in this contrasting pannier departure, since it is merely a fantasy on the different petticoats characteristic of the Watteau dress. And, speaking of that, several advance evening models display a distinct Watteau *pli* at the back, picked up out of the voluminosity of the panniers.

Ostrich Plume Trimming

Pending a return to millinery realms, from which they have been strangely absent of late, giving place to other feather fantasies, aigrettes, ribbon, wings, etc., *modistes* have commandeered ostrich feathers for decorative purposes, not the least remarkable of which are *ceintures*. It will be well understood this is not the ostrich-feather trimming of old, but actually little plumes laid one over the other, or, perhaps, one long plume deftly twisted and contorted. It is reported we shall see quite a good deal of such trimming during the coming months, chiefly in black and white.

An Evening Frock of Distinctive Character

Setting aside for the nonce all decrees as to the ultra *décolleté* sleeveless corsage, the *couturière* responsible for the original design shown has introduced a quite appreciable sleeve and a moderate *décolletage*. The skirt of black *charmeuse* is likewise characterised by moderation, while the short tunic of black *tulle* is stitched with *dimanté*, to correspond with the upper part of the corsage.

Photograph *Félix, Paris*

A BLACK SATIN EVENING GOWN

An original design with a moderate décolletage, an appreciable sleeve, and a skirt of black charmeuse, while the short tunic of tulle is stitched with dimanté

A Wrap of Elegance and Warmth

For wear at home or abroad such a possession as forms the subject of the second picture this week is a real joy. It is composed of dark blue heavy weight *velours de laine*, completed by a collar of skunk.

Millinery for the Intermediate Season

We are just now passing through a most trying time as regards headgear. The winter sales have caused a complete rout in winter models, and coming vogues are still in a very embryo condition, yet as the days gradually become lighter and brighter a young woman's fancy turns longingly in the direction of early spring hats. Well, with the enterprising firm of Messrs. D. H. Evans in our midst, she need go no further than Oxford Street to arrive at the goal of her most exigent

desires, the millinery *salon* here being positively overflowing with quite new models, specially prepared in view of Riviera needs, but which also fall in most happily with this leading demand of the moment at home. There are charming models of straw daintily trimmed with ribbon and wings, and in every way desirable, together with some of the very prettiest and most fascinating ribbon hats that have only to be seen to be immediately acquired.

Blue in the New Season's Millinery

Several of the charming straw hats at Messrs. D. H. Evans emphasise the edict that has gone forth in favour of blue as a leading spring *nuance*. In the case of a "Jay" hat of real tuscan, a deliciously soft thing that can be crushed up in the hand, the brim was bound with old blue straw, blue wings, jauntily disposed, effecting the sole extraneous decoration, the price asked being 35*s.* 7*d.* A putty-coloured pedal straw, 21*s.* 9*d.*, of most becoming shape, carried the original trimming of Morland blue ribbon wings, the latter set coquettishly a little to one side of the front, held by scarlet *cabochon*. The effect of this strong contrast is eminently smart, but is only one instance out of many of the supreme good taste and style observed throughout the entire *galère* of charming spring millinery to be found at D. H. Evans, among which is a becoming hat of Tegal pedal straw. In Saxe, purple, navy, rose, mole, tabac, etc., this smart little model can be had for 18*s.* 11*d.*

Photograph *Felix, Paris*

FOR WARMTH AND ELEGANCE

A wrap of dark blue heavy weight velours de laine, completed by a collar of skunk

For the Riviera

There are the very nicest Panama shapes, round or oval, according to taste and fancy, the crowns trimmed with a band of black ribbon velvet. In a most excellent quality, as light as the proverbial feather, Messrs. D. H. Evans are able to offer these universally approved Panama hats at 23*s.* 9*d.* each.

Bargains in Gloves

It is no use buying gloves merely because they are cheap, as more often than not they are nasty as well. But when such an opportunity arises as that now offered by the London Glove Company it would be more than foolish to evade it in any way, since it provides a chance of purchasing really good reliable gloves at quite extraordinarily low prices. The stock held by the Company is a very large and comprehensive one, and, rather than hold it over, they have decided to include all the surplus in their annual winter sale, which started on Monday, January 26, and is to last until the end of February. Among the most remarkable bargains are superior quality 12-button length white glacé *mousquetaire* gloves, at 2*s.* 4*d.* the pair, fine white washable doeskin, two button, *piqué* sewn gloves, 1*s.* 9*d.*, nappa-scented Russian leather gloves with Paris points, in useful tan shades, 1*s.* 11*d.*, Paris cut *suède* gloves, 1*s.* 3*d.*, fur lined gloves, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and many more of a like covetable character.

Fashionable Hosiery

There can be no question at all but that the ruling order for excessively thin hosiery spells extravagance, the fine filmy Lisles and silks necessarily giving way before hard service. At the same time, the better qualities, such as those supplied by the London Glove Company, stand an extraordinary amount of wear, added to which they are offered, during the sale, at very greatly reduced prices, so that instead of extravagance, economy may be counted to their credit side. Take, for example, some black gauze Lisle thread stockings, with double garter top and improved extra spliced feet that the London Glove Company are selling off at 1*s.* 8*d.* the pair, and transparent Lisle thread hose, with spliced tops, soles, toes and heels to guard the vulnerable parts, at 1*s.* 6*d.* Either of these can be invested in with complete confidence, as also a good quality ribbed shot cashmere hose, an eminently fashionable fancy, at 1*s.* 4*d.* the pair.

A Carefully Compiled Catalogue

Since, however, the sale affects all departments, both at 45-45a, Cheapside, and 82-83, New Bond Street, it is quite impossible to tell of anything like the bargains that prevail, wherefore should a special note be made that the London Glove Company are issuing a profusely illustrated sale catalogue that can be had for the asking, and which will prove of equal service to town and country clients.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S SALE NOW PROCEEDING

Bargains in Ladies', Men's and Children's GLOVES, HOSIERY, SHOES.

The following are a few examples in Gloves from our Sale Catalogue, which will indicate the advantages offered :—

Ladies' Real Antelope, a splendid wearing Glove in Grey Beaver and Tan Shades, pique sewn, 2 press buttons. Sizes 5½ to 7. Reduced to **2/6** per pair.

Men's Real Mocha in useful Grey Shade, pique sewn, large pearl button. Unequalled value. Reduced to **3/3** per pair.

Ladies' Real French Kid, very superior quality, perfect cut and finish, in White, Tans, Beavers and Black, 3 press buttons. Sizes 5¾ to 7¼. Reduced to **2/4** per pair.

Ladies' Extra Fine Quality Nappa, scented Russia leather, in useful Tan Shade, 2 large pearl buttons. Sizes 5½ to 7½. Reduced to **1/11** per pair.

Men's Real Nappa Leather in dark Tan Shade, superior quality. Sizes 7 to 9½. 1 press button. Reduced to **2/3** per pair.

REAL REINDEER, best cut and finish, English make, Prix-seam, hand sewn, in Tan or Slate. Ladies, with 3 buttons, **4/6** pair. Men's with 1 button **6/6** per pair.

Our celebrated **Washable Doeskin Gloves,** in Pure White, English make, pique sewn, 2 large pearl buttons. Sizes 5½ to 7½. Reduced to **2/2** per pair.

6-Button length ditto with elastic at wrist, 14 inches long. Reduced to **2/6** per pair.

10-Button length ditto, 18 inches long. Reduced to **3/3** pair.

WRITE FOR SALE PRICE LIST.

Post free on application.

Only addresses— **Post Orders carefully executed.**

45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.; and 82 & 83, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Start Your Spring House Cleaning Right

Take short cuts to easier Work. Lessen the drudgery of House Cleaning. Buy the **SWEEPER-VAC.** The guaranteed quality Vacuum Cleaner that gets all the germ-laden dust from your rugs and carpets.

The only Vacuum Sweeper in the world that runs a real carpet Sweeper in combination with the vacuum cleaner.

Prices **35/-, 50/-, 63/-**

Ask your Ironmonger or Furnisher to demonstrate it to you. If any difficulty in securing, please write to

THE PNEUVAC Co. (DEPT. 57), **9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.**

How to Become Graceful.

A PRETTY CHIN.

HAVE you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to **ELVIRA,** or call at **4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.,** when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and harmless method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight.

Madame Elvira, who for many years has so successfully treated her clients, is at this moment a welcome benefactress to those suffering from an excess of flesh. Working with the approval of the Medical profession, she has scored hundreds of successes. Her wonderful method will reduce the most overwhelming amount of flesh. Her treatment for double chin strengthens the muscles of the face and removes the ugly droop at the corner of the mouth, which is inevitable when the contractile tissues have lost their firmness. Remember that Madame Elvira guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of Youth. Ladies suffering from Eczema, blotchy skins, or indeed, any other skin trouble, should place themselves in her hands.

Madame ELVIRA, SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE.

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Black and White — Black and Orange
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Fancy Stripes

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RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & After Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

The Standard Book on Bridge.

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The Menu: Savouries for Every Day

SAVOURIES nowadays are generally considered quite a necessary adjunct to the menu, and many people prefer them to the sweet course, which they not infrequently forego. If a menu is partly cold and partly hot it is wise to make the bonne-bouche that finishes off the meal a hot one. Caviare, eggs, and fish can be served in a variety of ways.

Oyster Toast
Tomato Timbale
Eggs with Oyster Sauce (American Recipe)
Chicken Liver Savoury

Oyster Toast

Mince very finely one anchovy, have ready a score of oysters, remove the beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and oysters together. Put them into a saucepan with some cream (about two tablespoonfuls), add a little cayenne, and when heated through, spread them on small rounds of buttered toast, and serve.

Tomato Timbale

Boil ½ lb. of macaroni twenty minutes, strain it, and cut into lengths which will fit a plain round mould; line the mould with it, arranging the top by bending the macaroni in a spiral form. Fill this mould with a mixture made of 1 lb. of tomatoes, 1 lb. of mushrooms, and a ¼ lb. of grated cheese, all pounded together with 4 oz. of butter and the yolk of an egg, season with a little salt and red pepper. Put a paper round the mould, and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with a thick gravy, or tomato sauce, round. This makes an excellent first course dish for luncheon.

Eggs with Oyster Sauce (American Recipe)

Scald ten oysters in their own liquor. Remove the oysters and cut them up small. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs and lay on rounds of toast in a shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on the top, and put the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes.

Chicken's Liver Savoury

Boil the livers of two chickens, and pound them to a paste. Add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one yolk of egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little salt and coralline pepper. Serve on small rounds of hot buttered toast, thinly spread with anchovy paste. Garnish with chopped parsley. EMILIA

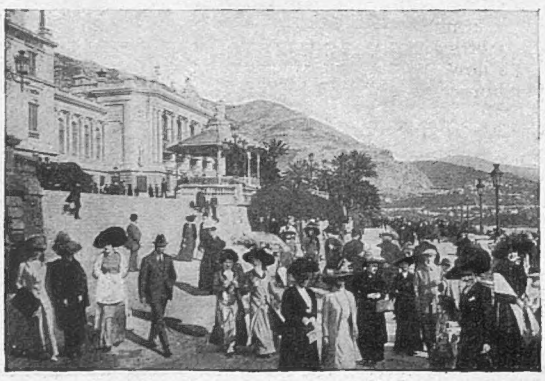
A Prophecy Fulfilled

As far back as last September, experts declared the present Currant crop to be the finest received within living memory. Their opinion has turned out literally correct. It is rich in quality, and exceptionally savoury. Added to those desirable attributes, the price of Currants, compared with the wonderfully high food-value of the fruit, is decidedly moderate. It is impossible to get better value for money in the way of foodstuffs than by buying Currants. If at all times Currants benefit both health and pocket, then the advantages of the fruit should be emphasised wholeheartedly. Currants have a richness of flavour that is indescribable. Try them this way to-day.

Currant Marmalade Pudding.

4 ozs. Currants, 4 ozs. breadcrumbs, 4 ozs. suet, 4 ozs. sugar, 4 ozs. marmalade, 2 ozs. flour, 2 eggs, ½ teacupful milk. METHOD.—Mix all the ingredients together; grease a mould with butter, and dust with sugar. Put in the mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam 3 hours.

SPRING and SUNSHINE



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The Editor's Box

The "P.L.M."

On the occasion of the Carnival festivities on the Riviera, the P.L.M. Railway have organised a special second and third-class popular excursion, leaving Paris on February 18, and the English companies are issuing in connection with it first and second-class tickets at very low fares. The lowest return fare from London to Nice (second class to Paris, and third-class beyond) is £4 2*s.* 8*d.* A special handbill, giving the conditions of these tickets and trains available on the return journey, is obtainable from all tourist agencies and the P.L.M. Offices, 179, Piccadilly, London, W. (opposite the Royal Academy).

Riding Breeches, etc.

Mr. Harry Hall, the well-known coat and breeches specialist and habit maker, still continues to please in the highest possible way his numerous and ever-growing *clientèle*. His riding and Bedford cords, real Harris and Scotch tweeds, Sheppards checks, and the famous "Hallzone" Garbette clothing are among the more important items in Mr. Harry Hall's list. Then there is the "Hallzone" dress suit than which nothing better can be got at the price, which is the moderate one of four guineas. Patterns will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard at 207, Oxford Street, W., or 31, Eldon Street, E.C.

Wright's First Primer

In consequence of the appreciation with which their Alphabet Book was received the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have now issued Wright's First Primer. This is intended for children who have learned the alphabet, and it, therefore, follows in natural sequence Wright's Alphabet Book. The First Primer is printed in a number of colours, and consists of twenty-four pages of humorous drawings to introduce the simple words on the pages. It will be sent free on receipt of a penny stamp for postage. Letters should be addressed: "Primer," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E.

The Palladium Minstrels

Before starting on their tour in the North of England the Palladium Minstrels are winding up their season at the Palladium with their magnificent entertainment, and those who have not seen them this year should immediately make it their business to do so, as there will be no company touring London as last year. When they leave the Palladium they will be out of London for good.

The Alhambra Revue

"Keep Smiling!" still continues to hold its own, and with the addition of many new topical numbers since I saw it last is now better than ever. Mr. Robert Hale is, of course, a perfect delight, as always, and the scene where he appears with Mr. Morrison as Madame Zigzag is one of the funniest things in London. Everything is good at the Alhambra, and no one should hesitate to pay a visit to "Keep Smiling!" because he or she may have "been to it last year."

"Debrett"

The following are a few examples of the many and various questions a reference to "Debrett" will answer: Who are the recipients of recent Honours? Who is Lord So-and-So? Is Lady —— the wife, widow, or daughter of a Peer, or the wife or widow of a Baronet or Knight? Whether Sir —— is a Baronet or Knight? What is the coat of arms, crest, or motto of any Peer or Baronet? How should the various parts of some coat-of-arms be coloured? Which of the ten Lords —— of similar name (bearing either hereditary or courtesy titles) is referred to? etc., etc. To these and innumerable other inquiries, "Debrett" will furnish ready replies, and by reason of the fulness of the particulars given as to Naval, Military, Clerical, Foreign, Colonial, Judicial, Parliamentary and other services, necessity for reference to several separate publications is avoided. "Debrett" is published by Dean and Son, 160a, Fleet Street, E.C.

The New Egyptian Stamps

A selection, which, in themselves, form an illustrated guide to some of those things and places for which Egypt is famous. They were produced by the special surface printing process of Messrs. Thomas de la Rue

"Letts's Diaries"

Charles Letts's diaries are distinguished by that simple, but most useful contrivance, the "self-opening" tablet, and the insurance benefits given with them continue to be most liberal. £20,000 has been paid in claims, which is, perhaps, not so surprising when one remembers that the circulation of these diaries is well over a million copies, having grown from 480,585 in 1904 to 1,090,182 in 1913.

New Egyptian Stamps

The Egyptian Post Office have issued a new series of postage stamps, which are unique for their historical and artistic interest. Many depict one of Egypt's imperishable monuments, beautifully reproduced by the surface printing process of Thomas de la Rue and Co. We have the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Citadel at Cairo, the Great Colossi at Thebes, guardians of the Royal Tombs, the Gateway of Ptolemy IX. at Karnack, Queen Cleopatra, the rock-hewn temple built by Rameses II. at Abu Simbel, the Assouan Dam, and a gyassa, or native boat. We reproduce on this page five of the stamps.

The "Handyman" Wagon

The "Handyman" Wagon, made in a variety of sizes, and suitable for either tea or dinner use, is a very useful article of battleship teakwood furniture made by Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow and Co., Ltd., of 10, Dover Street, London, W. These wagons are fitted with wheels, rubber-tyred, so that they can be moved easily and silently from one room to another or out into a garden. And the prices are so reasonable, ranging as they do from 3 guineas, and rising very gradually to 5 gns. The polishing brings up all the beautiful markings of this teak wood, added to which there is a certain sentiment in taking tea off a table that has weathered storms and battles. The breaking-up process of these ships takes place at Blyth. But the *salons* in Dover Street certainly court a visit, and an early one.

"A Place in the Sun"

Mr. Cyril Harcourt, actor, playwright, and novelist, began life as an engineer, but subsequently studied singing at the Royal Academy, being one of the last pupils of Garcia. He trained for the stage with Sarah Thorne, and his stage career has been passed under the management of Sir George Alexander, Mr. Charles Frohman, and Mr. Tom B. Davis. His first play was produced by Mr. Granville Barker, and his first novel "The World's Daughter," by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Harcourt's personal tastes involve him in most games, most books, much music, and much travel. Every winter sees him in the Alps, Italy, and the Riviera, or still further afield in Morocco or Norway. "A Place in the Sun," of which Mr. Harcourt is the author, is having a great success at the Comedy Theatre.

Golf Balls

The year just closed has been a record one for the St. Mungo Manufacturing Company, Glasgow, the makers of the renowned "Colonel" Golf Balls, and the several hundreds of employees of the firm are receiving the usual bonus of 5 per cent. on all wages earned from January to December. This system of allowing the workers to share in the prosperity of the firm encourages each employee to give the company his or her best work, and it is this high standard of work which has made the "Colonel" ball famous the world over and maintains its splendid reputation.